

27 1956

ELIZABETH TAYLOR: CAN GOSSIP END HER CAREER?

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GREGORY PECK:

"Wolf" in

gray flannel

suit?

PIPER LAURIE:

Open for

alter-ations



DORIS DAY

APR 4 - 1956

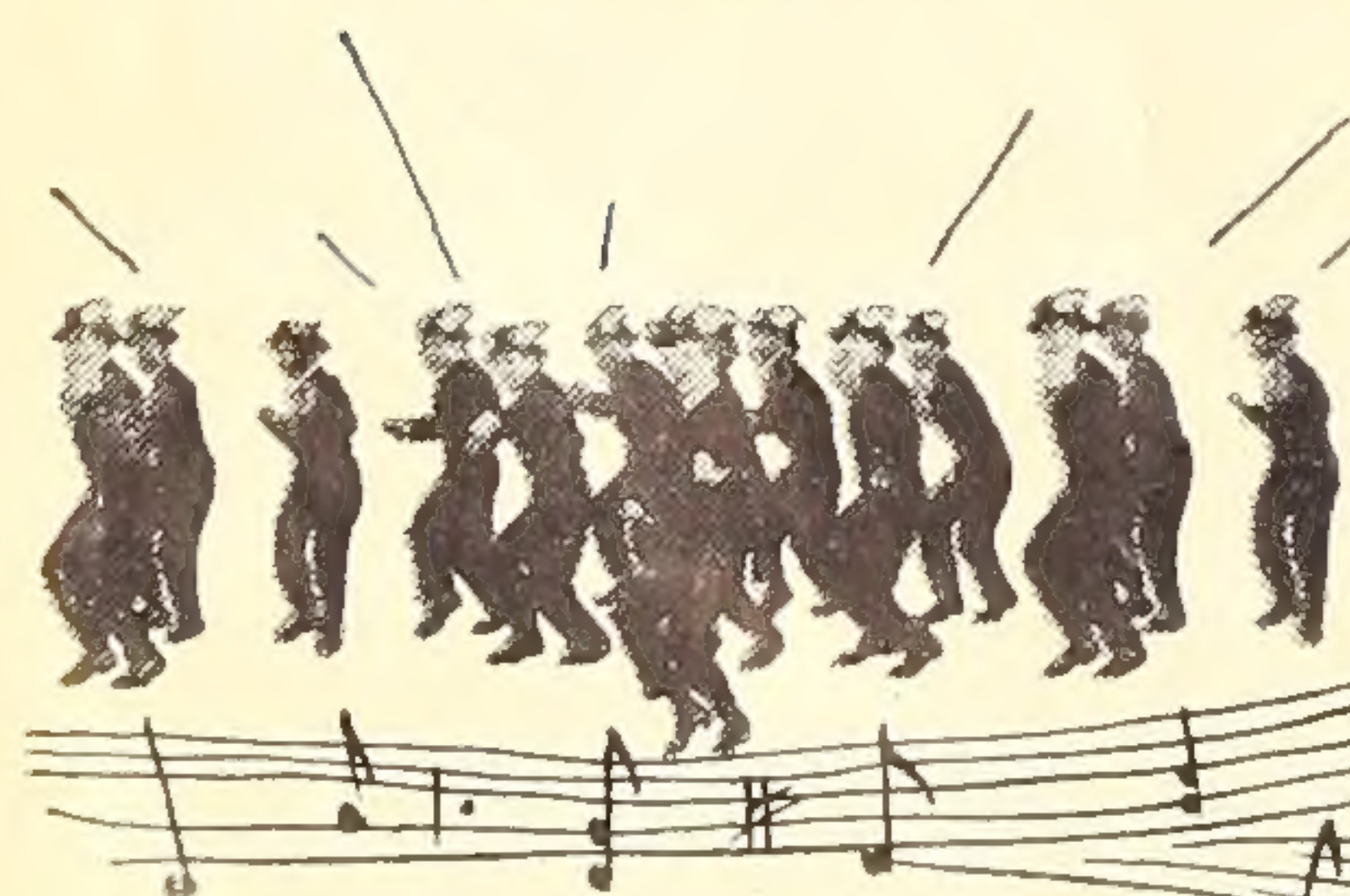


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SONGS!
I GET A KICK
OUT OF YOU
ANYTHING GOES
YA GOTTA GIVE
THE PEOPLE HOKE
YOU'RE THE TOP
ALL THRU THE NIGHT
IT'S DE-LOVELY
A SECOND HAND TURBAN
AND A CRYSTAL BALL
BLOW, GABRIEL, BLOW
YOU CAN BOUNCE
RIGHT BACK



When these shining
stars sing and dance to
Cole Porter's
wonderful melodies...



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(Revised by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse)
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A **PARAMOUNT PICTURE**



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was losing
him...*

**and she didn't
know why**

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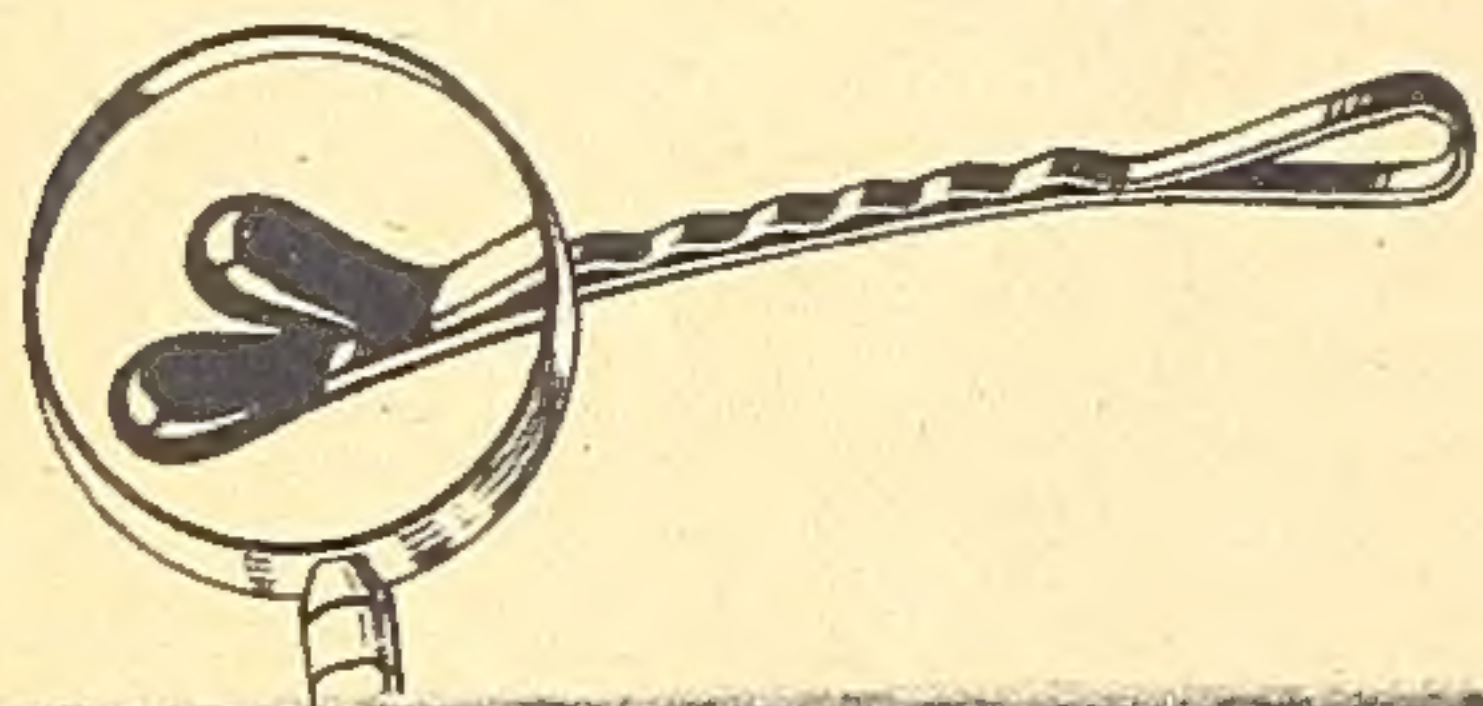


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Screenland PLUS TV-LAND

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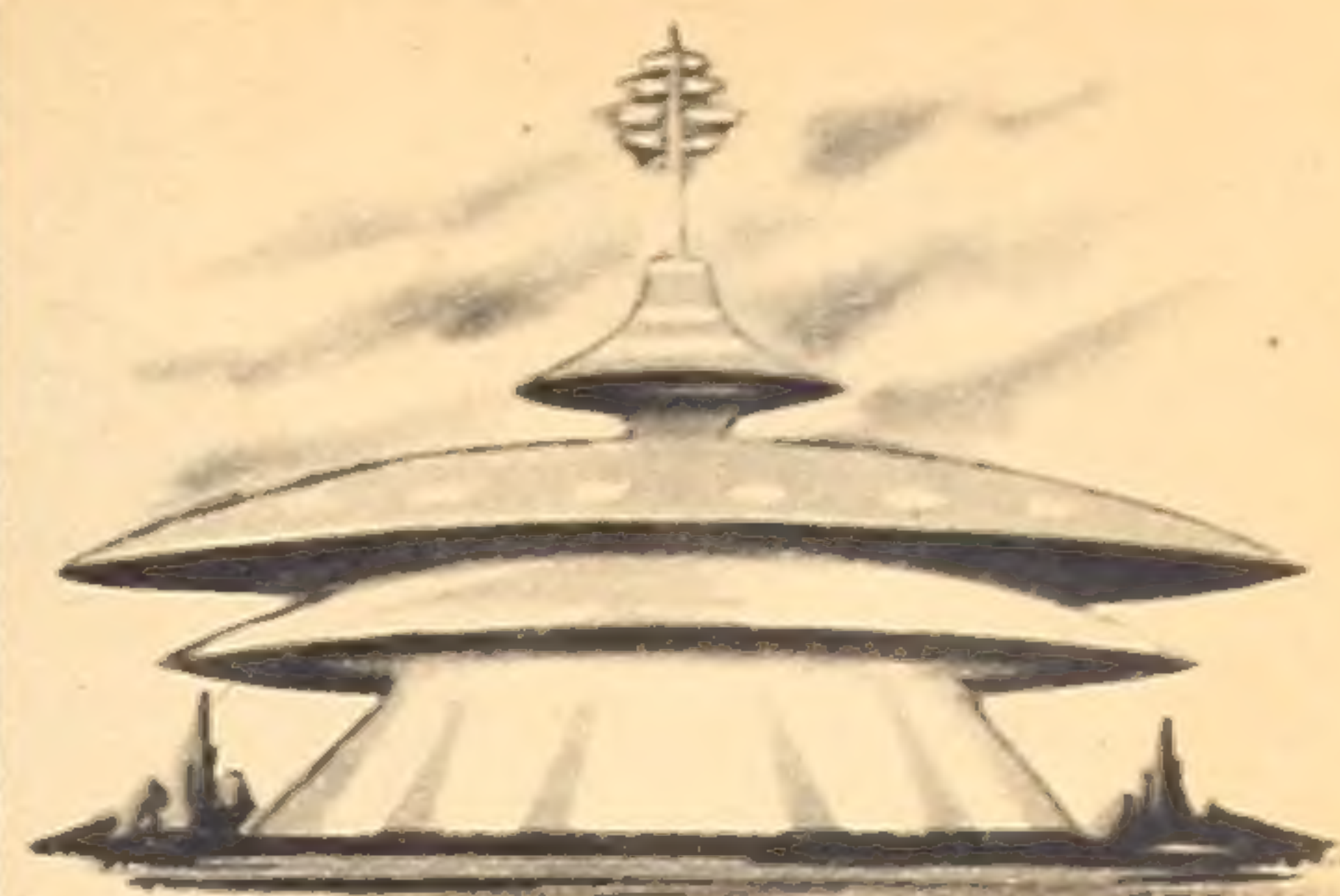
ON THE COVER: DORIS DAY, STARRING IN PARAMOUNT'S
"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH"

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WITH WARREN STEVENS

AND INTRODUCING

ROBBY, THE ROBOT

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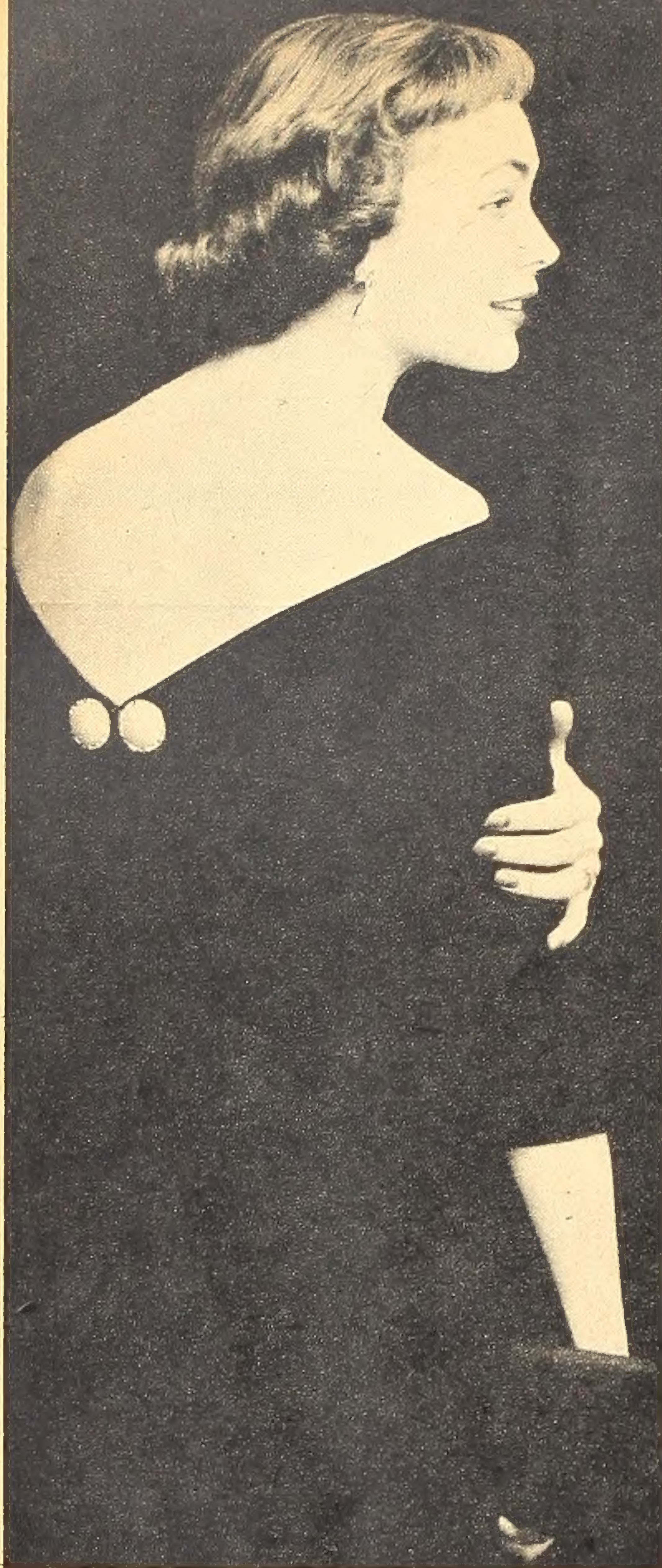
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Sheilah Graham's HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN



HELLO again to all of you from Hollywood. . . . Rita Hayworth's daughter, Princess Yasmin, will probably be the richest girl in the world when she grows up. Her aged and doting grandfather, the fabulously wealthy Aga Khan, has made a new will and Yasmin will get one-fifth of his estate when he dies, and the one-fifth is estimated by those who know, at over 150 million dollars. Which is one reason why Rita likes to stay in Europe, and why she really doesn't care one way or the other about making pictures. . . . Clark Gable has it in his contracts that he always has to get the girl at the end. He's not taking any chances of riding off into the sunset alone. Clark and his wife Kay are really living it up, what with hunting junkets to Mexico and luxury cruises to South America. In all the years I've known him, this is the first time I've ever thought he was really happy.

When Bob Mitchum blabbed that he and wife Dorothy intended to buy an island off the coast of South Carolina, the price of the island went up from \$40,000 to \$150,000, so the Mitchums dropped

the idea. . . . And when Miriam Hopkins checked in at a plush Beverly Hills hotel recently, the clerk taking her reservation doodled after her name: "Ex-movie idol"—and I remember when Miriam was one of our town's biggest stars.

There's serious trouble already with the recent marriage of a top young idol and his newly-acquired bride. I understand that neither really wanted to get married but were forced into it by his agent, who insisted they wed in order to kill a career-wrecking story about the star being prepared by one of those scandal mags. Now they're trying their best to make a go of it, but it's rough.

Janet Leigh may not return to the screen even after the birth of her and Tony Curtis' baby this summer. Janet hasn't looked or felt so well since their marriage five years ago, and Tony is trying to persuade her to give up making pictures and just keep on having babies. In the meantime, though, Janet is busy supervising the merchandising of her "Janet Leigh Dresses." . . . When I asked

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IF Tony Curtis has his way, wife Janet Leigh will retire from films when the baby comes.



DANCING cheek-to-cheek with Doris Day has a real devastating effect on Jerry Lewis.

The
Sin-Street
Bombshell
who kept
getting
married...



A story of people...

picked by
fate out
of a city's
millions

to be touched
and changed
by a chance
meeting that
starts with a
kiss in the
rain...

The
spinster
who lived
with dusty
dreams...



The
honky-tonk
piano player
who went
from
blues
to booze...



The
office
manager
who loved
his wife,
but...



"You
don't
know
much
about
men,
do you,
Ruth?"

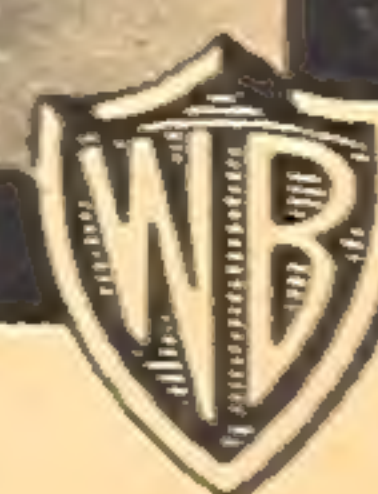


SEVENTEEN
selects it March
"Picture of the Month!"

The lonely girl and the soldier —
a street-corner pick-up that became
a miracle of love!

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HOLLYWOOD LOWDOWN

continued

Janice Rule why she and Farley Granger broke off their short-lived but well-publicized engagement, she told me: "We were too impulsive. We hadn't had time to really think about what we were doing. We were in a play together and suddenly we were in love, or so we thought. But we're still friends." However, I understand Farley doesn't feel quite as friendly toward Janice as she does toward him.

Biggest hee-haw of the Grace Kelly engagement to Prince "Roulette" came from Lauren Bacall when she was asked if Bogey intended to bow to Her Grace after the wedding. "If Bogey ever bowed," Baby cracked, "I'd have to pick him up off the floor." Then she went away mumbling, "What is this burg coming to—royalty to the right of us, royalty to the left of us. Where does a peasant go to register, anyway?"

Audie Murphy has been offered the F.B.I. files on their narcotics investigations to document a picture he plans on the dope situation. The F.B.I. feels that if Audie, as the most decorated hero of World War II, told the real, horrible story of addiction, teenagers would heed him. . . . Bing Crosby isn't happy about son Gary's man-about-town meanderings every night. Speaking of Bing, Kathy Grant, the 22-year-old Columbia starlet who's been getting the rush from him for over a year now, has clammed up on the subject of their romance since she got herself into an embarrassing predicament over the premature announcement of what she hoped was to be their wedding. "After all, what can I say about us without creating fresh problems?" she asks when questioned on the subject. . . . Another girl who's keeping mum these days is Rita Moreno. When the question of Marlon Brando comes up, Rita says, "I'm keeping my big mouth shut this time." Rita and Brando were a cozy twosome before Josiane Berenger made it an uncomfort-



LOBBY goes-on intrigue Eleanor Parker and producer Otto Preminger at gala opening.

able triangle, so Rita dropped out. But now that the fisherman's daughter is no longer "engaged" to Marlon, he and Rita have resumed their dating—but strictly on the q.t. "It's true that Bud and I went out in Palm Springs," Rita confessed, "but that's all I'm going to say about it. I've learned that I'm so much better off when I don't discuss him. He doesn't like it so why louse things up?" I agree. When you're dealing with two guys as eligible but elusive as Bing and "Bud," it's best to keep your eyes open wide and your mouth shut tight.

Pati Derek, though she doesn't talk about it, had it plenty tough taking care of her two sick children while about-to-be ex-husband, John Derek, was on 12 weeks' layoff from Paramount. In the meantime, John is busy denying that Ursula Andress was the cause of the break-up, yet they were seen lunching constantly at the studio commissary. . . . In her next picture, "Gigi," adapted from the famous play by French writer, Colette, Leslie Caron is supposed to portray a girl who is taught by her aunts not to marry to make a man happy, merely make him

continued on page 68



SOON to be members of the young married set are Venetia Stevenson and Russ Tamblyn.



GUY MADISON, here with his Sheila, may be Marilyn Monroe's co-star in "Bus Stop."

Draw Me!



Draw This Girl's Head

6 inches high. Use pencil only. All drawings must be received by May 31, 1956. None returned. Winner notified. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Mail your drawing today!

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As prize winner, you also receive a complete Professional Drawing Outfit—and a series of valuable Art Textbooks illustrated in color.

If you like to draw or sketch in your spare time, by all means enter this contest. Send in your sketch of the "Draw Me" girl. This could be the start of a fascinating career for you as a professional artist.

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500 South 4th Street • Minneapolis 15, Minn.

Please enter my attached drawing in your
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Name _____ AGE _____
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State _____ County _____
Occupation _____ Phone _____

**"A nurse showed me
the way to
marriage happiness!"**



**says Mrs. Eve Akers
who now uses Zonite to douche**

SAFE! Many married women—as well as brides, and those about-to-be-married—wonder about douching for feminine hygiene. Mrs. Eve Akers learned from a nurse the importance of following the *proper method* of douching with a fountain syringe, using an effective yet *safe* solution—like ZONITE.

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so safe yet
so effective!

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HOLLYWOOD LOVE LIFE

BY DOROTHY O'LEARY

NO ADVICE NEEDED!—There's a scene in MGM's "The Opposite Sex" that will give you fans-in-the-know an extra chuckle. Joan Blondell gives advice to June Allyson on how to hold a husband! Joan is the ex-Mrs. Dick Powell and June the present Mrs. P. What's more, come August 19, June and Dick will celebrate their 11th anniversary! Although it's been said that Blondell originally introduced June and Dick, Junie told us this isn't true. They met when making "Meet The People" in 1943. Dick was the star and June had a minor role. June didn't meet Joan until shortly after she and Dick were married in 1945. They were at a party at Norma Shearer's and the introduction occurred on the dance floor when Dick, in an understandable fluster, introduced June as Joan and vice versa! Naturally he was covered with confusion! June also told us that she's "giving" her birthday, October 7, to son Rickey who feels he's always been cheated on the birthday party deal. You see, he was born on Christmas Eve!

SMART GIRL!—Julie Adams is another gal who doesn't need advice on "how to hold a husband." She used to be completely disinterested in sports but then she married Ray Danton who's a whiz at them. So first she started taking golf lessons and now she's learning tennis. Smarter still is her philosophy on this

score: "I'll never try to compete with Ray in sports but I want to be able to enjoy them with him."

YOUNG LOVE!—There's no doubt about it, Natalie Wood is the most popular member of our town's younger set. Latest of the young bachelors to "discover" the 17-year-old beauty is the very eligible Bob Wagner, who, incidentally, has given up driving Fords and has let himself go with a real jazzy Cad. Natalie also dates Dennis Hopper and Nick Adams and often these three get together for an evening's reading of plays or discussion of the "deep" writers. AND, we can tell you that Natalie's secret love is an older man! If she's looking for heart-break, this is the way to get it! C'mon, girl, you're a good actress and don't need to "suffer for your art." Oh, yes. Dennis also finds time to date Margaret O'Brien, who at 19 is also a beauty.

ANOTHER SECRET?—Tab Hunter, another of the very eligible young bachelors, confided the other day that his secret love is a girl back in the East. Actually, we have a hunch that Tab is kidding, because he's a little tired of having his name linked romantically with so many young Hollywood beauties. Poor lad! But it is true that Tab is giving lots more time and attention to his work these

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HAPPILY WED, Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman celebrated their tenth anniversary.



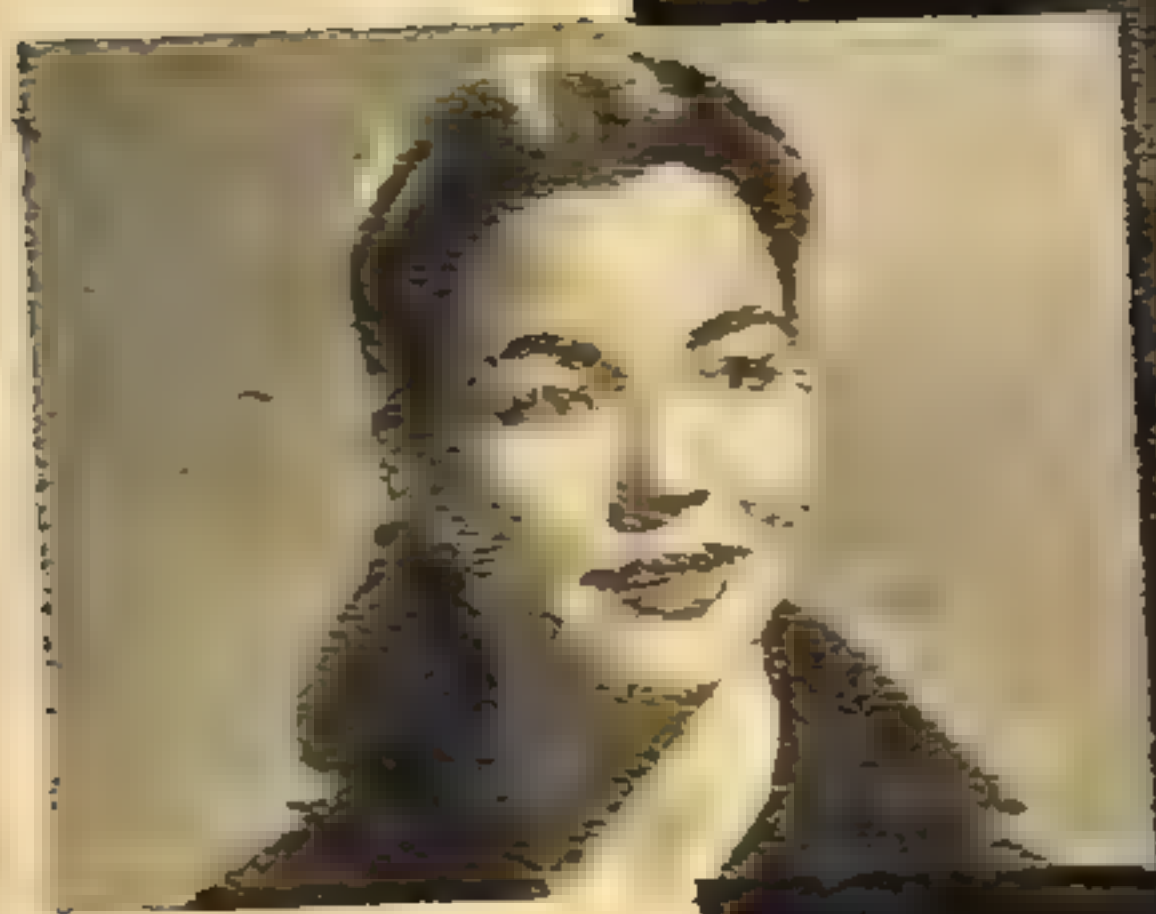
SHIRLEY MACLAINE and actor-director hubby, Steve Parker, rushed off to the Orient.

DARRYL F. ZANUCK presents

GREGORY PECK • JENNIFER JONES • FREDRIC MARCH

in 20th
Century-Fox's

"The
Man
in
the
Gray
Flannel
Suit"



CINEMASCOPE[®]

co-starring

MARISA PAVAN

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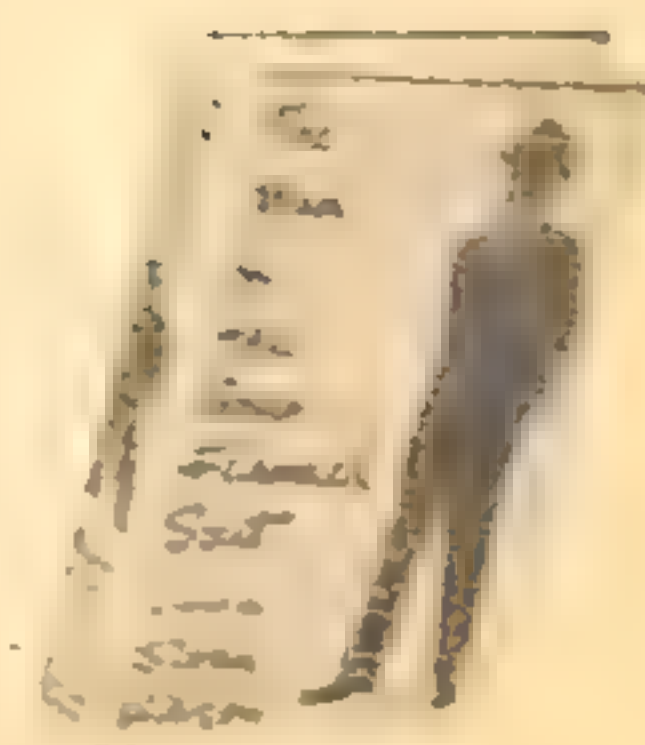
ANN HARDING • KEENAN WYNN

with GENE LOCKHART

Gigi Perreau • Portland Mason • Larry Keating • Arthur O'Connell • Connie Gilchrist

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • Written for the Screen and Directed by NUNNALLY JOHNSON

COLOR by DE LUXE • In the wonder of High-Fidelity Stereophonic Sound



LIZ TAYLOR:

Can gossip end her



LIZ appreciates honest publicity,
deplores the distortion of truth.

Career?

MARRIAGE to Mike Wilding is the bedrock of Liz' security and comes before her career.



Fed up with the vicious rumors about her marriage, Liz may retire to achieve the privacy she craves

By JOHN MAYNARD

THERE IS mounting evidence that Liz Taylor has had her share of snide publicity, and if this has not been noted by those whose business it is to note things, then it is because they've been too busy compiling the vaporous words that may be driving Liz to outright mutiny.

Apparently, she's gone along thus far for one good reason: she truly loves to act. If it were just that and not the extraneous trappings of film celebrity, she might go along for a lifetime. But it's not just that. It's the mounting impact of the wayward press and the wayward tongue.

This should be somewhat surprising. Liz Taylor's been in show business since she was knee-high to a voice teacher, and she knows as well as any—and better than most—that publicity is by no means irrelevant to its pursuit. Furthermore, by conventional Hollywood measurements, she should have acquired by now a skin the thickness and consistency of armor plate.

But this has not proved to be the case.

Although she is the first to grant the benefits of legitimate and benevolent publicity (and as little as a year ago was able to claim an ability to shrug off idle, baseless and unpleasant chatter), she is said today to be in open rebellion.

It is alleged distortion of truth that is cracking Liz Taylor's erstwhile gaiety and confidence. It is the remorseless penetrating of her inner walls of privacy, as roots will penetrate the toughest bar-

riers. It is the quote-by-hearsay, and the quote out of context, and the downright misquote that are wearing her down.

To a friend, she recently confided that her "personal" life today is validly comparable to that of a young woman school teacher in a small town. "And for some of them," she said, "there simply is no life. Oh, I've never been one, I know. But I do read my mail, and one wrote me it was like living in a prison, but a prison with glass walls. And nothing but eyes on the outside. All kinds of eyes. And no matter how circumspect her life, there was always something—you know what I mean by this—subject to interpretation. I don't remember the exact words, but that was what she was saying. And dear heaven, I am so sick of interpreters and interpretations. You understand, don't you? If I were writing it, I'd put those two words in quotes. I'll admit, it's as hard on school teachers as it is on me. But grant me this—it's as hard on *me* as on *them*. Just a matter of magnifying."

And "interpretation" has indeed been rough on Liz Taylor. Not for nothing do you get away with a face and fame like hers.

To constant readers of gossip columns and the gaudier type of magazine, it might seem like trivia. To the subject, however—especially if she is inordinately sensitive and has much to love and much to protect—it has more the effect of slow corrosion.

Not too long ago, for example, she walked very

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A CHILD of the theatre, born to adulation, Liz is enormously devoted to her career, but her husband, home and children still come first.

swiftly into the office of an intimate on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot, slammed the door behind her, and burst into tears. In her hand she carried, tightly rolled, a copy of a film magazine that, in banner heading on its cover, demanded to know whether she and her husband, Michael Wilding, had all but severed their marital bonds. The article, worded in that wondrously snide fashion that has reached its full flower in the current "expose" magazines, left little doubt that this was the case. Actually, it also left little doubt that hi-jinks had been involved somewhere.

"I can remember the time," an associate of hers has since commented, "when she could have taken a thing like that or left it alone. But now she has so much—Mike, two lovely children, the absolute top plateau of her career. But it's Mike and the boys who really count. And, I imagine, what the boys will grow up to. She must pray that it won't be to stacks of back copies of articles like this one. You follow me? So it's come to mean so much more to her."

Similarly, she has of late been moved to unwonted rage by unauthorized quotes and conjectures, and to speechless indignation by the output of writers who in truth *did* interview her and then, by her own deposition, wrote little or nothing in truth whatsoever.

"It was just like reading a piece about someone else," she once expounded in choked tones. "I didn't say anything like what was printed!"

It's a pretty old story, yes. Stars have been moved to such protests many times before. But what still has to be remembered is that with Liz Taylor, this is a relatively new thing. This is what caused an old friend to say the other day:

"Personally, I think Liz wants a change, and I think she'll find a way to get it. It's simply not worth it to her any more."

And there have been other indications. In the early spring of 1955, to pick a time rather arbitrarily, they would have seemed to Liz Taylor what they seem to other players, one of whom has expressed it in a single, pithy observation: "So they put the sword in me—so it's part of the package."

Sure. But that depends on how much you have to lose. And the more you gain, the more precious the package becomes.

THUS, later in the spring of 1955, singer Vic Damone had hopes the Wildings would come to his opening at *Ciro's*, and asked a mutual friend to pass the word. The friend did so, and was informed by Liz they would be delighted to come. Then it turned out Mike had a business conference that night. But Liz would still like to attend, and would the mutual friend escort her? Of course he would—and with Mike's blessing.

Now that is harmless stuff—or it is anywhere except along that curleycue strand of Los Angeles County territory called the Sunset Strip. There the wayfarers picked up their column fodder the next day to be advised that the Wildings were raising hob with the tether again: Liz had turned up at *Ciro's* "alone." ("I was the 'alone,'" the mutual friend later conceded, gritting his teeth only slightly.)

A year ago, she wouldn't have cared. Now she did.

Nor is it insignificant that her new and gathering touchiness was not born overnight. During her New York trip for the premiere of "The Last Time I Saw Paris," there were two separate episodes that should have been symptomatic, a tip-off to what was on the way.

For one, she appeared in public a time or two with Montgomery Clift, her co-star in "A Place In The Sun" and a close friend of hers and Wilding's. The gossips picked it up for a lot more than it was worth—and Liz, instead of shrugging them off

publicity, but idle gossip has made her rebellious



"GIANT": Her star brighter than ever, Liz co-stars with Rock Hudson and the late Jimmy Dean in the Warners' movie of the novel.

as she should have, paid them more attention than they rated.

Then, as she was being driven to the airport for the flight back to Los Angeles after the opening of the picture, she was handed the morning papers, containing the reviews. The New York film critics for the most part had not thought very much of the proceedings.

Amazingly, this time—for actresses absolutely must be inured to what critics say—there was a gush of unrestrained sobs. Or maybe it wasn't so amazing—she had been told, and had convinced herself, that this was her best effort since "A Place In The Sun."

"What's the use!" she cried, perhaps in unwonted revelation. "You work on a picture for months and months, you do your best, you eat and sleep what you're doing, and in a few hours—zzzztt! You might just as well not have done it. What's the use?"

No more than the outburst of a tired, naturally emotional woman? Could be. Doesn't have to be, though.

And it was shortly after she left Hollywood for Spanish Morocco to join Wilding on location that Liz really blew a gasket. She announced to her publicity department, after one particularly unfortunate and inaccurate summation of her home life in the public prints, that she was not going to give any more interviews. Not to anyone, any time, for any reason.

And that hadn't changed when she got on the plane.

It probably will change. She is very definitely, for instance, going to make "Raintree County," a three-hour super-under-taking for MGM, and normal mass curiosity won't hold still for all the months that will take.



POIGNANT moment with James Dean in the film, "Giant." Liz' next big starring role will be in "Raintree County" with Monty Clift.

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GREGORY PECK:

"Wolf" in a gray flannel suit?

Is Greg an adventurer—or a solid citizen? Here are the facts that will dispel any confusion

By BILL TUSHER

MARRIAGE of Greg and Veronique Passani put a conventional ending on a love that began under unconventional circumstances.



WHEN GREGORY PECK, Hollywood's leading returned prodigal, was fingered for the title role in 20th's CinemaScope translation of Sloan Wilson's best selling novel, "The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit," the arch reactions to this inspired casting were so thick you could have cut them with a sharp pants crease.

Not that the resultant outbreak of cynical speculation necessarily reflected informed opinion, but the cocktail circuit crawled with sly glances and amused whispers which seemed to call into question the supposition that this represented a classic example of type casting.

Greg Peck, perhaps more than any other Hollywood leading man, has epitomized to the public the image of the man in the gray flannel suit. In Sloan Wilson's novel, as in real life, the gray flannel suit is a commuter's uniform, standard garb for bright young executives who live in the suburbs and work for television networks and other such glamorous employers in teeming New York City.

The gray flannel suit is a symbol of suburban respectability, of comfortable conformity, of conventional if rather luxurious life, once or twice removed from boredom. The wearer of the gray flannel suit usually is a man who allows himself no major indiscretions, and who is the soul of discretion about any indiscretion he might indulge. He is, unless circumstances intervene, a monument to the family unit, and whatever crisis may befall him, he is ever the controlled paragon of respectability.

As a hero-image of the man in the gray flannel suit, Greg Peck is living proof that you can be all this and loaded with glamor, charm and magnetism, too.

But the hard core of Hollywood skeptics, unlike the dotting fans, did not hail the selection of Peck to play the man in the gray flannel suit as the ultimate example of fidelity in movie casting. To them, Peck as the man in the gray flannel suit was a *piece de resistance* in Hollywood irony. To them, dressing Peck's personality in a gray flannel suit was a Brooks Brothers version of the wolf in sheep's clothing.

There was no moralizing in this attitude, for those who held it plainly were more entertained than disturbed. Still, fresh in their idle minds was the disintegration of Peck's marriage

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A **VERY** stable citizen, Greg has never lost his healthy respect for the proprieties venerated by "The Man In The Gray Flannel Suit."

GREGORY PECK continued



GREG strikes an informal pose while on location for Warner Bros.' "Moby Dick."



THE CHASE: Gregory Peck as Captain Ahab, the revenge-driven whaling skipper, grimly pursues the great white whale, "Moby Dick."

His "exile" abroad was climaxed by the filming of "Moby Dick"

to placid Greta Peck, and still fresh in their minds was the knowledge that the very respectable Mr. Peck had taken up with his Gallic brunette beauty, Veronique Passani, before he had left off—at least officially—with Greta.

So the question has been raised. Is Greg Peck a bonafide man in a gray flannel suit? Or is he a Jekyll-and-Hyde, an adventurer masquerading in the uniform of respectability and convention? Is he, after all, just another Hollywood marriage jumper who would just as soon trade in his wives as often as he trades in his cars?

With Greg Peck, as with the man he portrays in the picture, one does not cease being a man in a gray flannel suit because of an honest involvement with another woman. The gray flannel suit does not represent a masquerade for Peck because he divested himself of his wife. It *would* have represented a masquerade only if he had completely divested himself of his way of life.

There is not a shred of evidence that Greg has done this, and there is every evidence that he has no intention of changing, giving up or transferring the locale of the way of life to which he has become so fondly accustomed.

It is, of course, true that Peck was openly enamored of and almost constantly in the company of the lovely Veronique before Greta was granted her interlocutory decree on December 28, 1954. The erstwhile French newspaperwoman who came to interview Greg and remained to become part of his fascinating life story was seen with him in Madrid, Paris and London, and she joined him in the Canary Islands while he was making "Moby Dick." They were seen together daily during the summer of 1954. They arm-in-armed it at Paris night

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BETWEEN scenes of "Moby Dick," filmed largely in the Canary Islands, "Captain" Peck experiments with some tricky sailors' knots.

SHIRLEY AND BARBARA





READY for a session of script-studying, Shirley Jones reveals the intensity which catapulted her to stardom in "Oklahoma!" and "Carousel."

Bachelor girls at home

Shirley Jones and Barbara Ruick, young Hollywood stars, have fun rooming together during the filming of "Carousel"

◀ **SET** for some jazz. Shining-eyed Shirley went from a coal-mining town to Broadway to Hollywood.

"**GO** out? I'd love to," cries Shirley, when a call comes. Barbara just keeps on practicing.

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**Roommates come in handy—
for sharing a laugh or a secret,
a dress or a drop of perfume**



CINDERELLA rise to film fame hasn't spoiled Shirley's natural charm; she always finds time for a chat over the coffee cups.



A LAUGH a minute is the rule, but Shirley won't swallow every

DATE BAIT party dress gets the approving nod from Barbara.





story that Barbara tells her. They play friends in "Carousel" too.



"DON'T pinch," begs Shirley, as Barbara zips her into the dress.

ALL DRESSED UP with some place to go, Shirley's a vision to set hearts skipping. Barbara adds a French touch with her own perfume. **END**



DEBORAH KERR:

SHOCKING, MISS KERR,

Simply Shocking!

Who ever heard of such ideas from a lady?

But then Deborah's brand of feminine spice is unique



HAPPILY married, Deborah enjoys a game with Francesca, 4, and Melanie, 7. She claims her daughters have "raised me very well."

By JACK HOLLAND

SOMEBODY ought to tell Miss Deborah Kerr. There she was looking as delectable and enticing as all get-out. She had been making a very dignified scene in "The King And I" over at 20th Century-Fox and then she went into her dressing room, removed her 35-pound dress, put on a most enticing and feminine robe, and was taking a few minutes rest before the shooting of the next scene.

It's probably best to mention here that the dress had been removed and the robe put on before I went inside.

With a warm, sparkling smile she remarked, "So what is the topic of the day?" She laughed lightly, "I hope you don't want to hear all kinds of sensational things about me. I often think I must be Miss Dull of 1956. I'm not at all sensational—really. Nothing ever seems to happen to me."


That's what somebody ought to tell her—that she is one of the most exciting actresses in Hollywood. And that is not said just because it is a typical remark to make of all feminine stars. Deborah *is* exciting.

Such is the impression others have of her too. It's not that she goes around in cleavage jobs or walks with a wiggle or creates headlines. Hers is the excitement of real femininity. A night club in Las Vegas thought enough of her as a vital personality to want her to do an act at a fabulous amount of money, but she turned it down with the cryptic remark, "Must have started as a gag. What would I do? Maybe tell stories or do a mild British strip tease?" She grinned, "You know, perhaps I might do that some day after all—just to be able to say I did."

Probably no one in town is less known than Miss Kerr. Her remark might surprise and possibly even shock some who have always envisioned her as the lady who walked around regally with studied charm.

"Ladies are fine *if* they are real ladies," Deborah remarked. "To me, a lady is someone who has warmth, a vital personality, who is interesting and a little provocative. The studied, prim, proper variety can be rather dull, but everyone knows that, doesn't he? That's the kiss of death. Such women only

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A black and white photograph of a woman, Deborah, sitting and looking upwards and to the left. She has short, curly hair and is wearing a dark, sleeveless top. Her right arm is resting on her left leg, and her left hand is resting on her right arm. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

"I HATE to fight," explains Deborah. "But once I take a stand, I simply won't budge."

DEBORAH KERR continued

"The prim and proper variety of lady creates



yawns. To be the real thing, you must have a vital personality”



DELECTABLE Deborah balked at "proper" parts, made a total break when she scored as the captain's wife in "From Here To Eternity."

create long, wide yawns. But, you know, it's funny about me. After playing those 'proper' ladies for such a long time I had to play a sort of free-thinking and free-living woman in 'Eternity' to prove I was actually a lady."

Deborah's sense of humor is the unpredictable kind. She can be talking about very profound matters and then, suddenly, turn the whole thing into a laugh with an unexpected remark. The men on the set of "The King And I" certainly found her delightfully humorous. In fact, they adored her. She was a "regular guy" to them, and no phony doll ever impresses the men on a crew in this town. Head prop man Duke Abrams especially liked her. He surprised her almost every day with a little gift, usually a house plant.

DEBORAH has always been able to laugh at herself. It's one of her most delightful traits. One day on the set, attired in a voluminous dress, she was doing the "Getting To Know You" number where she mimics the intricate Siamese fan movements of the "Royal Wife." Yul Brynner, who co-stars with her, remarked, "You're the first fully dressed fan dancer I've ever seen." To which Deborah replied, "We thought it would be sexier this way."

Deborah's humor helped her when she was discouraged about the parts she was getting.

"I'd die without a sense of humor," she said. "Imagine how awful it would be if you couldn't laugh—at yourself. I'm a peculiar person. I invariably find something funny in even the most depressing of situations. Oh, I may be down for a day or two but sooner or later I'll find I can laugh at the

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"THE PROUD AND THE PROFANE" co-stars Deborah and Bill Holden in a wartime romance. Her next: "The King And I."



TWIRLING a pistol is an easy task for straight-shooting Duke.

JOHN WAYNE:

Out West with the Duke

**"The Searchers" finds John
on location in Arizona
and enjoying every gun totin',
hard ridin' moment of it**



PRETTY audience brings out all the he-man Wayne charm, as he and Vera Miles share a laugh during the shooting of Warners' "The Searchers."



AS TOUGH a trio of hombres as ever rode the West, Ward Bond, Jeff Hunter and John unite against Comanche kidnappers.

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JOHN WAYNE continued

He's so at home in boots and ten gallon hat



COFFEE time is anytime for John, even hitching a lift to day's location.


that he makes a hard day's work look like a ball



ROARING at a joke told by old shootin' pardner Ward Bond. "The Searchers" is now on sale as a Popular Library pocket-size book.



TASTING his java or talking with old pal and co-worker, character actor Mose Harper, John's as relaxed and friendly as he is rugged. **END**



PIPER smiles and evades questions about her romance with Gene Nelson.

Open for altar-ations?

When Piper Laurie and Gene Nelson laugh, many people think they hear wedding bells. But how can they be sure it's the real thing?

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

AT THIS point it may be true that most of the newspaper-reading people of the world are happily absorbed in the love story of Grace Kelly and her Prince Rainier of Monaco. As this is written, it has all been so story-bookish, all so very perfect.

But in Hollywood, the real inside group of romance-lovers, the discriminating ones who may be called the real "romance gourmets," is much more interested in the less publicized romance between Piper Laurie and Gene Nelson. The reason? Well, Piper and Gene have an obstacle to overcome before their romance can come to fruition. There is the invaluable element of suspense involved in the story. Will their love and their attraction for each other last until Gene's divorce is final and they can be married?

Piper and Gene are seen everywhere together—publicly at big premieres and parties, quietly at small off-beat dining spots. Sometimes she cooks dinner for him at her chic little bachelor-girl apartment—and Piper takes pride in her cooking.

They are obviously a devoted, hand-holding couple. But they won't answer questions about their relationship or their intentions. "How can we," they inquire, "when Gene's divorce won't be final for some time? Any remarks from



PICNIC on the green or party-going, Piper seems more completely at ease with light-hearted Gene than she has with any other suitor.

us about future possibilities would be in very bad taste!"

But undoubtedly they have a lot of fun together. There are tender interludes for any interested bystander to witness and the two of them seem not a whit worried about it. And there is this additional sliver of observation. Piper has never appeared to have real, relaxed fun before on any dates she has had in Hollywood, with the possible exception of her occasional public appearances with the late Leonard Goldstein who was, after all, old enough to be her father.

On dates with younger, more eligible men, Piper has always seemed a trifle self-conscious, seemed to be trying too hard to be animated and interested. Her animation and interest with Gene look genuine.

But a close friend of Piper's speculates, "I wonder if the *obstacle* isn't the real attraction for Piper? I wonder if Gene won't find, a few months hence, that when the obstacle to their romance is about to disappear, that Piper will disappear, too? That's the way she has always been—excited over a love affair which had something to prevent its culmination. But when the obstacle disappears or seems to be on the point of fading away, then Piper seems to get either bored or frightened. I've simply never figured out whether this girl is actually

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The new look for Piper: her own apartment and a maturity that suggests marriage



CAREFREE Piper enjoys informality. "I wouldn't want a place where unexpected guests would cause behind-scenes consternation."



INTENTLY Piper starts a record; she's an accomplished musician.

afraid of marriage or just gets a touch bored when the excitement of the feminine chase is over, when everything seems to be going too smoothly.

"Of course," the friend went on, "it was a big change for Piper when she left that all-enveloping family circle of hers and took an apartment by herself. Perhaps that really meant something. Maybe Piper is growing up and preparing to meet life on its own terms."

I suddenly thought of the Piper of not so long ago, the Piper who so loved and valued the home she shared with her own family, the Piper who said frankly, "I think I'm serving an apprenticeship for a successful marriage!"

People used to protest to her, "But, Piper! The really 'smart' career girl has her own apartment, lives her own life, expresses her own personality and independence in the way she lives! You can't go on living at home. You have to have privacy. . . ."

To which the cool and practical Piper replied, "Rubbish!" And she would go on, "I *like* to see lights in the windows when I come home from the studio and I like to know there are people there who love me and will be glad to see me. I like to come home to the comfort of a well-run home.

AS FOR privacy, Piper had her own self-contained little apartment in her parents' home where she could, if she wished, be as completely independent as she would have been in an apartment miles away.

"I can take care of a home," she told me. "I can keep a place tidy with little effort and I started to learn to cook—



A DANCE and a song express Piper's new exuberance. Could it be because she has dinner cooking on the stove for a certain Gene Nelson?

to cook well and with ease—when I was about five or six.

"But I want and intend to marry some day and I think that a girl who lives alone too long, who never has to learn to consider other people's tastes or schedules or convenience, is in danger of getting to be pretty selfish and hard to please. It is terribly important for a woman to know how to live in harmony with other people. I'm having some practice at that by living with my folks."

She has some detailed plans about how she will run that future home. "Unexpected guests for dinner won't cause any behind-the-scenes consternation," she has promised herself, "nor will breakfast or snacks at odd hours cause any tizzies." She has plans about furnishings, too. "I'm going to have a home that is bright and cheerful to look at—and comfortable to be in," she says, determinedly. "I hope I'll never, never have a piece of furniture or even a water pitcher which is meant to be cherished and not to be used."

"I want my house to be designed and run for the people who live in it. I don't want the people to be slaves to the house or to its routine. I get dreadfully impatient with nervous hostesses who admonish their guests, 'We mustn't be late or have an extra cocktail. Dinner is ready and the servants will be upset—'

"I would much rather do without servants and attend to it, myself, if necessary," says Piper. "I could manage nicely and make everyone comfortable without getting 'upset'."

She could, too. And you might notice just here that Piper's plans for her home always seem to include a number of "people." She comes from a comfortably large family

and evidently looks forward to a similar one of her own!

But somehow, romance and marriage have eluded her. One bitter and disgruntled ex-suitor has said, "Piper isn't going to settle for anything less than perfection in a husband. And perfection she is not going to find! The names of the men she has dated read like a roster of the most promising and successful of Hollywood's eligible bachelors—and some of them have been seriously in love with her. But one by one she has discarded them or given them the brush-off somehow."

PIPER has admitted, herself, that when she meets a new man she immediately starts analyzing him, trying to discover whether or not he is "good husband material." But isn't Piper, perhaps, fooling herself? Does she have an inner trait, an instinct of which she is not conscious, which influences her without her knowing it?

I am inclined to think that there must be something in the theory her good friend holds about Piper not being interested in romance unless there is some obstacle involved. And there is another thing: Piper has a strong, protective, actually maternal instinct about the people she is fond of, especially is this true of men.

With Leonard Goldstein the obstacle was the difference in their ages—he a man of middle years and Piper practically a child. Leonard was probably more acutely aware of the difficulties this raised than she was, at first. But the criticism that accrued to him because of his attentions to her aroused a very important emotion in Piper—her loyalty and sympathy toward anyone who is under pressure. She comes

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PIPER LAURIE continued



HORSEPLAY comes naturally to the new, relaxed Piper. Despite her determined silence, she's never seemed readier to whisper "I do."

FRIENDLY Piper seems to have won another admirer.

STANDING on her own feet, Piper is now free to choose her roles.



While "insiders" take bets on whether they'll marry, Piper and Gene enjoy a gay companionship and keep their secrets

fiercely to the defense of any friend who is criticised and this she did with Goldstein.

If he had wanted to take advantage of this strong emotion of Piper's, he might possibly have persuaded her to marry him. It is to his credit that he did not do this. Nevertheless, his death was a great blow to her. "I loved him as I do my own family," she said, later. Possibly that was the first time she realized how she had actually felt about him.

Then there was Dick Contino. Piper had dated him as gayly and as casually as she had any number of other attractive and successful Hollywood young men and it seems unlikely that she had given him more than a passing thought or two until he got into trouble with the Army.

Then Piper's protective instinct came to the fore again. She "understood this sensitive man," she maintained. And she defended him staunchly against all criticism, apparently feeling certain that he was being persecuted for something that he could not help and also certain that he would vindicate himself so that everyone could be proud of him.

IN the process of thus passionately defending Contino, Piper undoubtedly fell at least a little bit in love with him. And her friends' horrified protests of, "Piper, you *can't* tie yourself to a man who is under such a cloud. . . ." undoubtedly made her fall still more in love. There was that obstacle again!

But when the cloud passed and Contino did vindicate himself, just as she had believed he would, the obstacle was gone and Piper's interest waned. It isn't much wonder, however, that Contino admits today that he has never quite gotten over loving Piper. A man won't forget that kind of loyalty very easily.

Well then, what about David Schine whose sporadic attentions to our red-gold girl have attracted perhaps more attention from the press than they deserved? This is a complex situation and relationship.

It is difficult to imagine anyone—even Piper—feeling sorry and protective about David Schine, of the fabulous hotel dynasty, the Schine who was always so sure of himself when he was in the national spotlight. But Piper managed to feel that way about him!

In the first place, she liked him, she had fun with him, their dates were pleasant. When national criticism of him began to heat up—there was Piper's protective instinct and loyalty to be called into play again. The man was being attacked!

She didn't even mind—and this is hard to believe until you understand her attitude—when he objected to photographers taking pictures of them together at night clubs "because it might not be good for *me* to be seen with a movie actress!"

Another girl in Piper's position might have been furious, would have had, indeed, every right to be furious, as Piper had. But Piper didn't see it that way. It was her curious fate to see that obstacle to her romance with David as an added attraction. She liked him because of it!

But when Schine's publicity star waned and the "obstacle" disappeared, well, Piper just didn't seem to care any more.

So now there is Gene Nelson.

Gene is young enough to be in Piper's age group. He is gay and sophisticated and relaxed.



ALL WET and happy as can be—Piper and Gene look as if no problem could come between them as long as they have each other.

Once Piper said of the Hollywood men who took her out, "They're all so intent on their own careers that we can't talk about anything else." That isn't true of Gene. He is a success. His career is set.

Piper's career is pretty well set, too, what with her new freedom from her Universal-International contract, her liberty to choose her own pictures, to make TV appearances and so on. Piper is riding "high-and-pretty." She has never been so animated, so thrilled with life in general. She has never seemed to have so much fun.

Perhaps it was good for Piper to break away from her family at last, to leave the home where she used to say she felt "safely shut in, wrapped in love and protection."

Perhaps with her new freedom, both in her work and her manner of living, Piper is really growing up and coming to terms with life. Perhaps in fun-loving Gene she has at last found the "perfect husband material" she has been seeking so long.

But there is still the obstacle of his still pending divorce decree hanging over them. Time will tell how Piper will feel when the obstacle is finally removed!

END

ROCK AND MARISA:

Man and girl vs. car



IT'S EASY, Rock says, as he approaches dandy little runabout with Marisa. A moment later, wisdom dictates taking down the top.



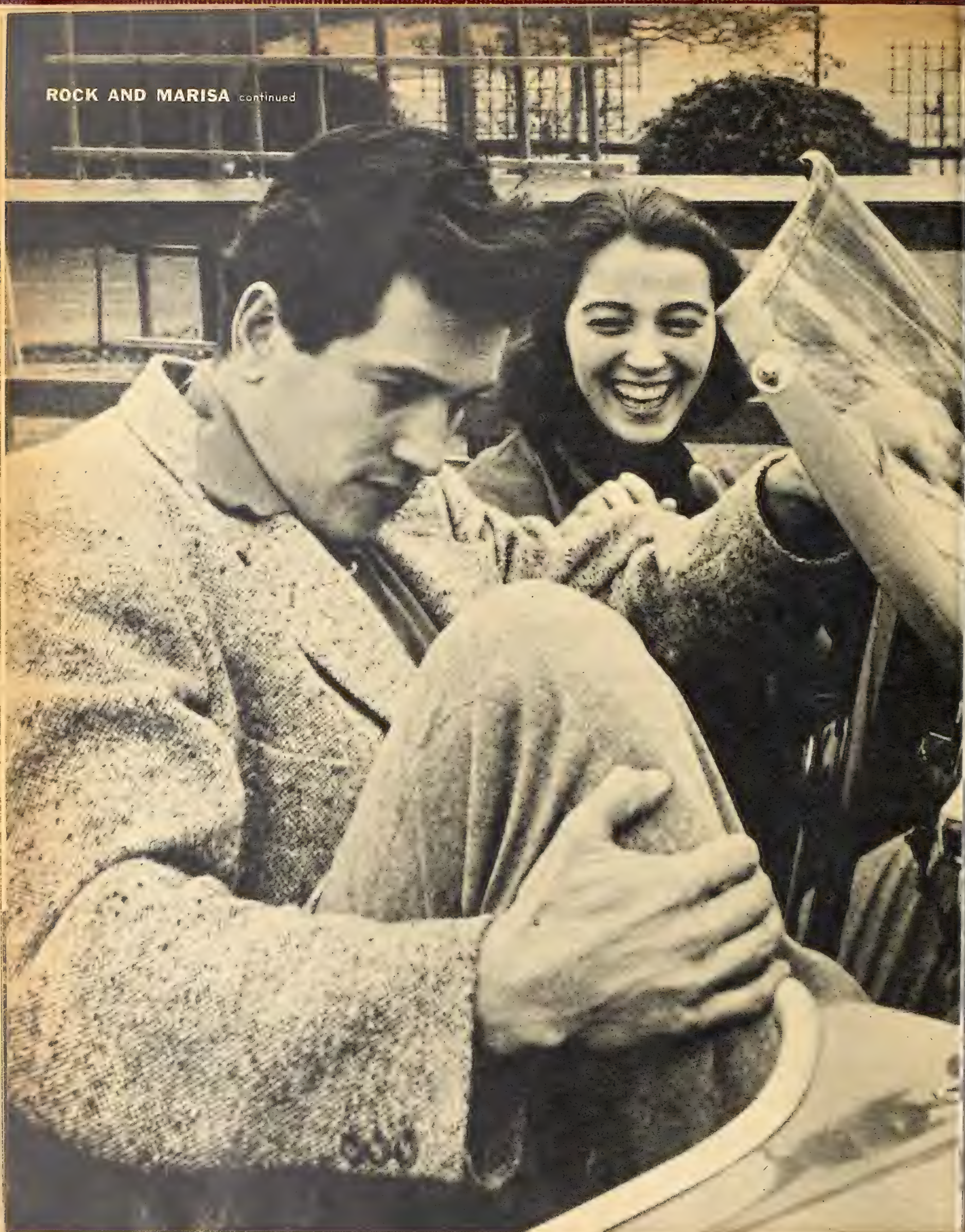


Problem: how to get 6' 3"

**Rock Hudson and Marisa Pavan into
a jazzy, pint-size sports car**

DEAD END: Rock discovers that trying to back into car will get him absolutely nowhere. He's starting to look a bit skeptical now.

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STRUGGLE to get his long legs into the little Austin-Healey makes Rock sweat but Marisa seems to be enjoying it all immensely

It's a tough fight, but Rock finally manages to squeeze into car



IT CAN'T be done, Rock seems to be saying as he tries another approach. But a moment later he makes it, breaks into laughter. **END**



DORIS DAY

ASK HER A QUESTION: She'll tell you no lies

You're in for some surprises when deliciously candid Doris comes across with straight answers for her fans

By HELEN HENDRIX



WAVING to friends, she leaves on vacation with husband Marty. Busy Doris admits she likes to "dawdle in shops" when she has time.

"**H**I! COME IN. Isn't this *wonderful*?" Doris Day was leafing through an enormous heap of mail. "This is some of the mail I got after 'Love Me Or Leave Me' and I never had so many letters before in my life! But—" the bright face drooped a little, "so many questions! About half of them start off with 'I want to know—' and I can't possibly answer every single one separately. Do you suppose you could—?" She hesitated and looked at me.

"Sure! You select some of the most interesting ones and we'll answer them in Screenland."

"Oh, that would be very nice. Let's start with this question which people ask so often. 'I want to know if it is hard to do all the things you have to do to have a successful career—and still have time and energy left over for fun and happiness in your personal life?'"

"Well," Doris replied, "there is something *I* want to know, myself! Why do such a lot of people seem to think that it is 'difficult' for a woman to have both a career and a happy home life? I find it very easy! What's more, I know a lot of women who don't have careers and who are certainly very unhappy. The career really has nothing to do with it. I love everything about being in pictures and I work hard at my job. But that doesn't interfere with our having a wonderful 'family life' together!"

Those "family times," especially all the holidays, are important to Doris. Her mother and some of Marty's family live in Southern California and there are sisters and brothers and nieces and nephews galore. "Here's another 'want to know' question that particularly appeals to me. 'Do you ever like to hunt for bargains, as I do?'"

"I certainly do. I hunt for bargains like mad and you'd think I'd know better by this time because not one single thing that I ever bought just because it was a real bargain turned out to be any good!"

"The last time I thought I had one it was shoes that were on sale. Really good ones, made by a famous shoe company. So I thought, 'I'll save money if I buy two or three pairs of these.'"

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"I LOVE everything about being in pictures and I work hard, but that certainly doesn't interfere with my having a wonderful family life

a career and a happy home life?"

And I did. And when they were delivered, I found that they just didn't look right with anything I had to wear. Everything about them was wrong. And of course I couldn't return them. When things are on sale, they won't let you take them back.

"That's the way bargains always work out for me. When I get them home they seem to lose all their glamor!"

"Well," I prodded, hoping to cheer her up, "how about the 'want to know' about career and private life?"

I LOVE my home and I love to do things around it. Of course I can't really work at it the way some women do—cleaning and all that, because of my work. But when I have the time, I love organizing my closets, and cleaning out the drawers and polishing our beautiful furniture and just puttering in general. It's fun for me.

"I don't think I realized how much I loved our home, our own house, until recently when I parted with Warner Brothers and signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. This meant that I would be almost three times as far away from my work as I had been before (we live in the San Fernando Valley) and it seemed that it would be sensible for us to sell this house and buy one in or near Beverly Hills where we would be closer to almost everything we had to do. It would certainly be more efficient that way!

"So we shopped around and found some beautiful places. And suddenly one day I knew I couldn't bear it—to change. 'Marty,' I said, 'let's not give up our house. I don't care how far I have to go to work. I love our own house!' So much for my efforts at efficiency!"

The word, "meals," reminded Doris of another 'I want to know' which is always cropping up in her mail. "A lot of the girls seem almost to brood over this one," she commented. "They ask, 'Is it true that you have to diet almost to the point of starvation, that you practically live on raw tomatoes and yogurt? Don't you ever give in to temptation about food as the rest of us do?'"

"Well, the answer to that one is that of course it isn't true! We—all of us—try to use our heads about eating, especially about things like bread and potatoes. But I love desserts and have a big problem especially in restaurants and studio

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USUALLY bubbling over with conversation, Doris has nary a word to say as director Alfred Hitchcock instructs her how to play a scene.



THE LONG trip Doris has from her home to the studio doesn't faze her a bit for she loves her house and wouldn't dream of moving.

SMALL, informal parties, like this one given on the set, delight Doris because there's no confusion and she gets to talk with everyone.





commissaries, because I can never decide which one I want.

"I've tried to work out a 'share the dessert' system with some of my friends—you know, like the share-the-rides thing in wartime? The way it works is that one of us orders pie and the other orders cake and then we trade halves of what we have. It's interesting."

Doris hasn't told the half of what goes on when she really gets into a "share-the-dessert" routine. And she's famous for it. She is quite capable of taking her two halves of dessert and visiting several tables to investigate what others have ordered and to make shrewd trades from the "halves" already on her own plate. In no time, half the room is circulating, bartering halves of desserts, which makes for some hilarious goings-on at studio lunch breaks and it certainly makes for some curious combinations of desserts for a number of people.

All of which makes the next "I want to know" question seem almost incongruous.

WHAT do you do for fun? Is it mostly getting all dressed up for big premieres or going to night clubs? Or do you sometimes have lunch with 'the girls' and go shopping or play bridge, as we do?"

Doris' reply to that was a crisp one. "We don't often go to premieres and we almost never go to night clubs. And I don't particularly enjoy getting 'all dressed up' too often because I happen to adore old clothes—jeans and shorts and things that I have worn long enough so that they are really comfortable. And I dislike any sort of card game (that's because I love to talk) and I don't like to just shop except when I'm really looking for something specific.

"But I do love meeting my gal friends for lunch! Occasionally we swim or play tennis and then we sit down and gab and gab and gab. That I adore. And we plan things! I've been planning for months to take up golf but as yet haven't started. Always plans—no action!

"A friend and I decided we would like to give a big tent party—one of those things where you have a huge tent pitched over the back garden and set up a big buffet and invite hundreds of people. But I went to a couple of them, quite close to each other, and decided that I didn't want to give one, after all. The people who gave them happened to be people I like very much, but I barely got to speak to anyone, there was so much confusion and fuss and congestion, even though the parties were beautifully planned and appointed. But I like to talk to people so I decided that I would never, never give a party of my own for more than 10 guests, no matter what the occasion might be.

"Now here's a question that fits right in here. It says, 'I want to know if you ever start things and then don't finish them?' I do and I wonder how to overcome it!" She thought a moment. "I do lose interest sometimes," she admitted.

Doris is subject to sudden and violent enthusiasms. Not long ago one of them was gardening and an engaging sight she was, in shorts or jeans, trowel in hand, smudge on nose, grubbing away among the camellia bushes or daffodil bulbs. She knew the names of a lot of the varieties of plants in her garden, too, and could sound pretty learned about plant foods and mulches.

"I discovered," she says now, with finality, "two things. Three things, really. One—it all made my back ache. Two—

WIFE of an American doctor, Doris finds her family in a terrifying spot in sinister Morocco.

to be an exciting dramatic star



"THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH": In Hitchcock's thriller, Doris and James Stewart make a terrific team on a suspenseful chase.

some professional gardeners could do a much better job than I could. Three—it's a lot more fun to play tennis. I changed my mind about gardening. However, I love a beautiful garden and all of us adore flowers all over the house."

THEN there was knitting. Knitting, she was advised, was creative. Moreover, it was relaxing. When you knitted something for someone you loved, it released all kinds of emotions and creative impulses. So Doris knitted.

Not just an ordinary straight-line scarf for her first effort, or even a simple patterned sweater. She started out the hard way with a pair of socks for Marty.

"If I couldn't do something complicated, something challenging," she reflects, "I didn't see any use in doing anything at all. But it turned out to be a terrible ordeal. If anyone talked while I was knitting, I immediately dropped a stitch and had to take it all out. My family couldn't stand me!

"I finally finished the socks, though, and you should have seen them. They were just like the ones in the cartoons, inches and inches too long. Marty couldn't possibly have folded them over enough to get them into his shoes along with his feet. I changed my mind about knitting!"


There was one other question and comment which touched and pleased her very much. This girl had written: "I have lots of freckles and I used to hate them and be embarrassed about them. But your cheery attitude toward your own freckles has made me feel that there is something nice and charming and a little bit 'special' about having them and now I'm glad about my freckles."

Doris was thoughtful about this. "I don't like to give advice but, well, girls want so desperately to be perfect," she said. "Look—I'm no ravishing beauty. I have other defects besides freckles. You'd be surprised at the defects some of the biggest movie stars have. What you have to do is make the most of what you have. If you're tall, capitalize on it. If you're short, be glad that you are cute and dainty."

"Then try to project whatever you have inside you that is good and happy. In pictures they call that 'personality.' Anyone on or off the screen can do it and can have it.

"It doesn't matter how tall or short you are. Beautiful personalities come in all sizes!

"There are lots more questions here that I'd like to answer," she went on, gesturing at the pile of mail. "Maybe another time, we can take up where we left off. I really enjoy it." **END**



INTENSITY that characterized Jimmy was captured in this drum-beating shot.

JAMES DEAN: IN MEMORIAM

To a fine young actor and an unfettered spirit,
we dedicate these pictures taken during Jimmy's last days



STREET SIGNS found by Jimmy in Marfa, Texas, during location filming of "Giant" amused Jimmy and Liz Taylor on the set.

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A HAPPY James Dean posed for this candid portrait in which he is made up as a man of 50 for his big drunk scene in movie "Giant."

His individuality was captured supremely in these pictures taken during final sequences of "Giant" filming



MAKE-UP preparations at six a.m. usually pained Jimmy but on this occasion he found it amusing.

OIL FIELDS fascinated Jimmy who loved to wander about them. Here he's carrying a piece of moss that he wanted for his pond at home. **END**



It shouldn't happen to Bill Holden



WIFE Brenda finds that life with Bill is occasionally hazardous—but well worth it. She gave up her own career to become Mrs. Holden.

BILL HOLDEN pointed to a rather odd metal object hanging above the door in his dressing room at the Paramount Studio.

"Things," he said, "happen to me. Things like that."

"Like *that*?" I repeated, uncertainly, peering at the object.

"Well, it certainly looks interesting. It—what *is* it?"

"It *is* interesting!" Bill assured me, solemnly. "You'd be surprised at how much interest a great many people have taken in that thing. And with reason. Want to hear its story?" I did, and it went something like this.

Bill has traveled nearly all over the world in the past few years on location trips and on junkets of his own devising. He is an avid collector of antiques and curios which symbolize the countries he visits, and the walls of his dressing room are crowded with costumed dolls and little idols, paintings and

Talk about scrapes! Take the time Bill was in Hong Kong and started to take a "private" shower when all of a sudden...

By DICK PINE

tapestries that he has gathered from all over. A notable collection—and every object has a story to go with it.


One day not long ago the ineffable George Gobel was visiting Bill and commented, in his timid way, on this splendid collection of curios.

"Y'know, I have a collection, too," George volunteered after a bit. "Would you like me to show it to you? I'll go and get it right away!"

He was back in a trice with a large canvas dingus which he unrolled on the floor to display the darndest collection of old junk Bill had ever seen. Bits of unidentifiable metal scraps of the insides of ancient cars and airplanes, works from discarded alarm clocks, old can-openers.

Bill, playing it straight, admired the "collection" extravagantly, then picked up a queer metal gimmick. "Now, here's

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A black and white photograph of a man, likely a film actor, wearing a patterned suit jacket over a light-colored shirt. He is holding a cigarette in his mouth and looking off to the side with a serious expression. His right hand is raised near his chest. In the foreground, the hand of a woman is visible, resting on a surface. The background is a simple, slightly out-of-focus interior setting.

BILL confesses he's perplexed by
odd twists of fate that harass him.



GESTURING on the set of "Picnic" while on location in Kansas, Bill shows strain of daily shooting. Role may win him another "Oscar."

It takes more than the hazards of location shooting to put Bill out of action; he's survived everything

an interesting piece," he said. "I particularly like this one."

"You do?" George beamed, happily. "I'm so glad because it is one of my own favorites. And do you know what, Bill? I want to give it to you for your very own."

Forthwith, George made a formal little speech of presentation and Bill replied with equal solemnity. And the object, whatever-in-the-world-it-was, was duly installed in an honored spot over the door of Bill's dressing room.

No one is, as yet, entirely certain what the object is, although there are theories that it may be something once known as a "tire lug" which was used to loosen nuts on the tires of ancient cars when they needed changing.

Holden at the moment, if you want to know the truth, is a bit rueful about it.

"Look," he says, reasonably enough, "I've been proud of my collection of curios from all over the world—some of them pretty valuable—all of them, I thought, interesting, with stories or legends attached to them.

"Then Gobel presents me with this peculiar what-is-it and takes all the play away from my stuff. Every visitor I have seems to be more fascinated by that than by what I thought were some wonderful objects."

He shook his head. "I've come to expect to have curious things happen to me when I'm traveling in foreign lands," he said. "But they aren't a bit stranger than the things that happen right here at home. Honestly, everything happens to me." Since Bill has been abroad much more of the time during the past several years than he has been in Hollywood, his "things happening" have mostly had a foreign flavor.

The romance-minded traveler (which Holden is) inevitably looks and hopes for some exotic adventures when he visits the Orient. Bill was no exception. But he wasn't looking for anything quite as exotic as the time when he was in Japan, and started to take a shower in what he contentedly imagined to be his own private bathroom in the hotel.

Just as he was about to doff his robe and step under the spray he heard a merry chorus of admiring voices and a din of giggling and looked up to discover some thirty or more bright-eyed teen-agers peering at him through some sort of slat arrangement in the doors.

His sputtering protests to attendants and management eventually brought out an interesting difference in the meaning of the word, "private." Of course it was a private bathroom, he was assured. That meant that no one else could

come in while he was using it. It certainly didn't mean that no one couldn't *look* in! Whoever had heard of such an idea?

After some thirty minutes of explanations and puzzlements, Bill finally made it clear that coming in and looking in were equally taboo in a private bath where he came from. And steps were taken to shield his ablutions from the eyes of an affectionate public.

"But to this day," he is certain, "those people think I am odd and possibly a little bit selfish or snobbish or something."

A water shortage in Hong Kong posed another acute, if slightly less embarrassing, problem. Water was rationed and faucets were permitted to be turned on only once a day and then for a limited time.

IT PRESENTED some fine problems," Bill remembers.

"First there was the dire necessity of being on the spot when the magic hour came to turn the water on. About all you could do was fill the tub and whatever other small receptacles you could wangle and then do a lot of complicated arithmetic trying to ration what you had so that it would last all day—for bathing, for shaving—teeth. 'O-mi-gosh!' you would think, just as you thought you had it all settled, 'somehow or other I've got to have a shampoo!'

"For a while there, members of the company did some pretty high-powered bartering for quarts and pints of just plain water. It was amazing how valuable the stuff began to seem after a while."

Water seems to figure a good deal in a lot of his foreign adventures. In the Virgin Islands, on location for "The Proud And The Profane," the company heard warnings of an approaching hurricane. The help in the hotel where they were quartered promptly took off in a body for higher and more sheltered ground, leaving the Hollywoodians to shift for themselves the best way they could.

Director George Seaton found a chef's tall hat which he fancied and appointed himself chief cook. Bill hastily appointed himself "chief table setter," on the domesticated

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BRIEF halt in the filming of "Picnic" finds Bill still a little tense but starting to unwind while chatting with member of camera crew.

BREAKING into a grin, Bill is beginning to relax. A quick cup of coffee and he'll be as good as new ready to face cameras again.



An upstanding guy, Bill has found fulfillment and a sense of security in his family, home and career



DESPITE the occupational hazards, abroad or at home, Bill has come through unscathed, looks set to be a top star for many years.

theory that distributing clean dishes was to be preferred to coping with soiled ones.

There was a lot of determined gayety until someone discovered that a lively and sizable waterfall was cascading down the main staircase into the lobby of the hotel where they were trying so hard to be merry . . . and the only things they could find with which to try to stem the tide were a very small mop and a pitifully inadequate bucket.

"I never saw two implements—if that's what you call a bucket and a mop—look so useless in my life!" Bill says now. "And I never felt so abruptly unamused. After learning in Hong Kong to treasure a pint of water as if it were molten gold, I learned in the islands to dread and detest the stuff. There must be a moral in there somewhere."

Luckily, after a damp and anxious night, they learned that the hurricane had veered and the danger of floods had passed. They had come through with nothing worse than damp feet and a few cases of sniffles.

Bill, an acute and often serious observer of the world around him, is given to discerning morals and meanings in events which might not impress another man. And once having drawn a conclusion, especially if it seems to relate to some sort of injustice, he is not a bit averse to expressing himself about it. This can lead to some confusion.

Like the time he and Brenda went to a movie in a strange town where they were not at first recognized. A large crowd was trying to get into the theatre and Bill thought the ushers were being pretty high-handed and rude to the customers.

"This sort of thing hurts the entire picture industry!" he sputtered, his temper rising rapidly. "I'd like to get hold of the manager of this theatre. . . . I'd tell him. . . ."

A tuxedoed gentleman, overhearing him, remarked, "The manager's name is McConnell and you'll find him in that office right over there."

Forthwith Bill stormed to the office—to be greeted by the self-same tuxedoed character, entering by another door.

"My name's McConnell," began the by now thoroughly confused Bill.

"No, no!" protested the character. "I'm McConnell—I'm almost sure I am. And who are you?"

"I—I'm—" stammered Holden. "Oh, let's just skip it!"

BILL has come to be philosophic about these matters. "See what I mean?" he inquires of friends when odd circumstances catch up with him.

Like the time when dinner guests arriving at his house found the driveway and lawn awash with water because Bill had forgotten to turn off the sprinklers. "Think nothing of it," he advised, placidly, dragging out a plank or two so that the guests could get into the house.

Half an hour later, two youths who were taking a motorboat somewhere on a trailer behind their car failed to negotiate a curve in the street outside and launched the boat with a huge splash on the Holdens' already flooded property.

"See—?" began Bill. And his guests responded with a resounding, "We see exactly what you mean!"

He has even come to believe he has some foresight about the "things" that are destined to happen to him. But—

One night at a Friars' Club dinner he was telling about this foresight, a trifle smugly.

"Once on a plane trip with Leon Ames," he related, "I saw



FAMILY MAN Bill Holden at home with (from left) son Peter, wife Brenda, daughter Virginia. They have another son, Scott, eight.

the stewardess coming down the aisle with a tray of coffee. I don't know why, but I suddenly started murmuring to Leon, 'She's going to spill it on me—she's going to spill it on me—' And, believe it or not, just as she reached us the plane lurched and down came the coffee—all over me!"

His hearers registered courteous amusement just as a club waiter, passing behind Bill's chair, tripped and almost politely, it seemed, deposited an entire chocolate parfait over the Holden facade.

There were those among the onlookers who would have sworn it was a "plant," a planned gag to point up Bill's story. But it definitely was not. It was simply another of those episodes in the Holden saga which go to prove, so far as he is concerned, that "everything happens to Bill."

Over the years he has developed a sort of "what next?" attitude and one senses sometimes that he is waiting almost gleefully to see what new surprises are in store for him. He was certainly surprised when the Hollywood Women's Press Club announced that it had voted him "the most cooperative actor for 1955" and presented him with its annual "golden apple" award.

In his grateful speech at the luncheon at which the award was tendered, Bill reminded the ladies that for nine months of 1955 he had been many thousands of miles away, with the sly implication that it might have been his *absence* which made them appreciate him. They loved it.

Later he said, "I'm just a guy to whom things keep happening. Even if I'm on the other side of the world, things can still be happening to me right here in Hollywood. Hmmm . . .!"

END

ON THE SET, Bill grins happily for photographer. At peak of his career, Bill's currently in "Picnic" and "The Proud And The Profane."



A friend in need

June's plight so touched a kindly hotel manager that he broke the house rules to help her out of her dilemma



By **DENNIS JAMES**

Star of TV's "On Your Account"



JUNE ALLYSON escaped from harsh reality at an early age by going to the movies as often as possible, and she taught herself to dance—at home, untutored—by seeing Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers movies over and over, then practising the dance routines by herself. She entered amateur contests at local theatres—there were lots of such contests then—and won often enough to be encouraged. All through high school she yearned to get into show business, that seemingly “glamorous world” so unlike the one she knew.

So while still in high school, she made the Big Try and got a job in the chorus of the Broadway revue, “Sing Out The News.” Her pay was far from huge, but it was a great experience. After “Sing Out The News” closed, June went back and finished school. Then she made another try at Broadway and finally landed a part in “Panama Hattie.” By now, June felt that the life of an actress was definitely the life for her. She left home and went to live at the American Women’s Association club-hotel in Manhattan’s “upper fifties.” It’s now a commercial hotel but at that time the AWA, as it was popularly known, was “home” for young women ambitious to make good in New York’s many fields of opportunity. It was not populated exclusively by girls in show business, but there were some girls there who shared June’s ambitions, and she soon found them.

June was assigned a room with two girls and, as she recalls, there was a great

See Dennis James daily on “On Your Account,” CBS-TV, 4:30 p.m. EST, sponsored by Procter & Gamble.

FINANCIAL problems no longer harass June, who is currently in “It Happened One Night.”

deal of clothes borrowing, between room-mates and others, too.

"I was strictly a skirt and sweater girl then. Other than those I had one decent dress, so I didn't have much to offer. Besides, I was the shortest girl in our 'lending' group; my clothes were too short for most of the girls. When I borrowed a dress I'd have to baste up the hem and then later rip that out and press it before I returned it. That was fine with me, though. Those were happy days."

But things got rough for June again. Her show closed and she was out of work. She had saved a little money but not much because her living expenses had consumed most of her earnings. She kept looking for other chorus jobs, without success. Presently she was down to her last few dollars. She was faced with the problem of paying rent or eating. Being very practical, even then, she decided she had to eat.

"I was very much on my own, by both choice and necessity. But there I was, faced with the prospect of defeat," June recalls. "I just *couldn't* go back home and admit I was licked. It was a very dreary situation, but I decided to throw myself on the mercy of the hotel manager. I told him I was broke and asked if he could let me coast on my rent payments.

"He was middle-aged, kindly. I'm sure he had been faced with similar requests many times before. After all, there were a couple hundred girls always living at the AWA then. I don't know how he responded to other such pleas, but I imagine the same way he did mine. I remember he told me,

"Don't worry. I'm sure you'll be a big star some day. Meantime, I'm confident you'll get another job and can pay your back rent then. Just stay on. And some day when you're a star, we'll put your picture in the lobby."

"At that time there was a big picture of Gene Tierney in the lobby. She was an AWA alumna who had made good in Hollywood. I'd look at her picture and dream of how wonderful it would be if someday *my* picture were there!" June

told me recently, just after she finished her starring role in Columbia's musical remake of "It Happened One Night."

For a whole month June couldn't pay her rent but the kindly manager let her coast. It's on his account that she wants to express gratitude.

Meantime, June made the rounds of the theatres and booking offices trying to get a chorus job. Day after day, often in borrowed clothes to make a better impression, she applied for work.

"One of my room-mates, a girl named Jean Phraener, had a good-looking black cloth coat. Her family had money and sent her an allowance, so she was better off than most of us. But she was so generous her coat eventually became the 'community coat.' Whenever one of us had a hot prospect for a job or even a special date—and I had very few of the latter—we'd borrow Jean's coat. I'm certainly grateful to her, too."

Eventually, as you know, June did get a job, in the chorus of "Very Warm For May," then went from one musical production to another. Later, because of her role in "Best Foot Forward," she was signed by MGM for the movie version and also to a long term contract. She's had nothing but good fortune since those early days at the AWA. But looking back, she says,

"It's amazing what you can do with when you have to, especially when you are young. Then, everything is an adventure. Things may be very tough when you're young, but you can have such high hopes for the future. You just keep plugging along, confident that tomorrow will bring the big break.

"But at that age you don't realize how important it is to have an 'assist'—a helping hand—from someone like the manager of the AWA who was kind enough to extend credit to me. If he had been a cold-hearted, hard-headed business man who lived by the letter of the rules, he would have told me to clear out. I don't know what would have happened if I'd had to admit defeat and go home. I feel sure my life would have been changed radically. I probably would never have gone on with show business, would never have come to Hollywood, so then I wouldn't have met Richard, wouldn't be Mrs. Powell and have two fine children."

We're happy to tell you that because June did appreciate the break she had from the manager of the AWA, she continued to live there long after she could have afforded the privacy and privilege of an apartment. She did get a better, bigger room, by herself. But she stayed on there.

And a few years later, after she came to Hollywood and became a star, her picture *was* put up in the lobby by the same manager who had extended her credit. And on his account she's grateful, because he had confidence in her, in her talent and integrity, when she needed it the most.

END

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EVERYTHING she is and has today came as a result of that helping hand, June says.



TELEVISION frightened Phil but he knew he had to make a stab at it. Now his "You'll Never Get Rich" series is one of the highest-rated TV shows.

Why is Phil Silvers like a yo-yo?

From boy tenor to burlesque, films to boredom, Broadway to television's top comedian—no one's had more ups and downs than he

By FLORENCE EPSTEIN

I STARTED at the top," says Phil Silvers, "and from then on it was down, down, down!" Although this statement is not strictly true, it throws a little light on the fascinating subject of how a star is made. Not overnight, as the publicity releases would have you believe, but over years. Thirty years, in Phil's case.

It was no accident that a nationwide audience was immediately captivated by Master Sergeant Ernie Bilko, "the smartest operator in the U.S. Army." It was not chance that prompted CBS to pour \$900,000 into the series before it even hit the air. It was merely that Phil Sil-

vers was ready to go on TV, and CBS knew just how far. That he walked off with the 1955 Sylvania Award for the best comedy show of the year surprised neither one, although, of course, it delighted both.

When you watch "You'll Never Get Rich," on Tuesday nights at eight, you see the polished performance of a man acutely aware of every gesture he makes, every line he says, every effect they create.

"There are practically no gags in the script," says writer-producer Nat Hiken. "It's all Phil. I know what he will do with a line that doesn't look funny on paper."

What he will do with a line is wring it dry. For Silvers is a comic in the old tradition who took thirty years to learn the business inside out.

He started at the bottom—in the tough Brownsville section of Brooklyn where he and Murder Inc. were born. (Silvers came on in 1912.) There were eight kids in the family and Phil was the loudmouth. "I might have wound up dodging lead," he says, "but instead, I wound up dodging ripe fruit at Minsky's Burlesque. I was always a ham—how I got to be one I'll never know." Neither will his family.

One brother became an architect, an-

her a chemist; one became a lawyer, another an accountant, and the fifth brother helped their father in a sheet-metal plant. Both his sisters were bookkeepers. Phil, even at seven, liked to make speeches. At 11, he warbled in a movie theatre whenever the projector conked out. And at 14, he was on the boardwalk at Coney Island singing his head off with a motley chorus when a man threw him a dime and a business card. The name was Gus Edwards, the same one who gave a cash to Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, the Marx Brothers, and others.

Phil went up to see Edwards who said, "Don't call us, we'll call you," and he was pretty quiet at home for the next two weeks. "That was the longest two weeks of my life," he says. "The family kept kidding me all through it."

When Edwards called it was with an offer to play the Palace. That was the top, right. Phil got \$40 a week as part of the "School Days Revue." It was \$12 more than his father made as a sheet-metal worker. It was enough to turn anyone's head. So when September came Phil did not relish the thought of returning to school. At 14, he was committed for life to show business. Baffled, his folks let him transfer to a professional children's school and return to the road with Edwards.

In the next 30 years, his career went up and down like a yo-yo. First, his sweet boyish tenor dropped to his shoes and he was through with "School Days." But his gravel voice and bratty manner got him into a touring vaudeville act with a team called Morris and Campbell. Then all of a sudden he was six feet tall and weighed 200 pounds, and the brat act looked ridiculous. "It's just baby fat," he'd say to his friends, but he had to leave M & C. For a while he toured the country with an older partner named Herbie Faye. He made a couple of two-reel movie shorts; then bounced around the Borscht Circuit. And in the middle of the Depression he was lucky to land a job in burlesque. Even though he looks back on it with nostalgia, he didn't care for Minsky's.

Phil doesn't think he has any talent as an ad libber. "I can't just get out and say things that come to mind," he insists. "I tried once and was out of work for two years."

Obviously, he doesn't remember back when Martin and Lewis were breaking up the Copacabana. One night, in the midst of the uproar, a bespectacled gent in pajamas and slippers appeared. He had taken the elevator down from his seventh-floor suite in the hotel above the Copa. Now he walked over to Jerry and tapped him on the shoulder. "Keep it down, fellows," he pleaded. "I can't sleep." That was Phil.

There was also the time he convulsed President Eisenhower and most of his cabinet at a dinner. Phil walked in, took a look at the assembled big-shots and cracked, "My goodness, who's minding

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who'll be Marilyn's number 3 husband?

What lessons has
Marilyn Monroe learned
from her two unsuccessful
marriages? Will the
glamorous Hollywood star
attempt marriage again soon?
Who'll be the lucky man?

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the store?" Maybe it was an old burlesque gag, but it didn't come with the script. Nor did the ad lib a moment later when the phone rang—an unusual occurrence at this sort of dinner—and everyone was startled. While it was being answered, Silvers quipped, "He says his name is Dulles—and he'll talk to anyone!"

After he left burlesque, Phil got a small part in "Yokel Boy." Jack Pearl, the star, thought the show was so bad that he left it in Boston and Phil took his place. As he was to do with later shows, he revamped the whole thing, working in a lot of burlesque routines which he angled toward sophistication.

It was then he got the call to Hollywood at \$500 a week. He waited there for big things to happen. What happened was MGM put him in one movie and then cut out his footage before it was released. Later that year they gave him a part to memorize. "I thought it was crazy," he says, "but I did like they said." When he showed up for rehearsals, someone discovered that he'd been cast as the cleric in "Pride And Prejudice" and he was told to forget it. He heard that Republic was filming "Yokel Boy," so he rushed over. "We're looking for a Phil Silvers type," they told him, "but you're not it."

"It was very, very sad," he says of that part of his career. He made some movies for Fox, but "most of them were different in name only. I was always Blinky, the hero's best friend. In the last reel I told the girl—usually Betty Grable—that the hero really loved her, not that society snob up on Nob Hill."

The boredom and the fancy salary left him no out but gambling. He liked to bet on horse races and football and baseball games. His brother Harry, now his manager, has been heard to lay the blame on a guilt complex. One day, though, Phil quit gambling cold. It was after he'd won a large purse on a horse. "I was panic-stricken when I recognized how much that one silly race meant to me," he says.

It wasn't till he left Hollywood, toured the Mediterranean with a USO troupe and came back home that Phil won tremendous and lasting recognition. He got it with the lead in Broadway's "High Button Shoes," and then in the smash hit (which he repeated on the screen), "Top Banana."

He was a little afraid of TV, considering it the most demanding medium there is. "But I knew I had to do it," he says. "You have to progress. Just because you don't like cars, you can't go around in a covered wagon."

He was also ready for Sergeant Ernie Bilko, a character he feels he would not have been able to handle years back. "Gee, what a different fellow I am today," Phil says. "How much more on an adult basis. You know, when I was succeeding and becoming a big star, there was an affection for me and I liked it. But after I arrived, I rejected the responsibility. I expected too much of people. I let the little envies creep in and I got my feelings hurt very easily. And so I didn't enjoy my success. Why, I practically had to give up my social life. But now, when I'm off the stage, I just drop the curtain and go back to being Phil Silvers."

But what Phil Silvers is still gets lost behind the gags that are as natural to him as his skin. Shifting and feinting like a champion behind his horn-rimmed spectacles, and generating an air of inexhaustible energy, he manages to remain, like most comedians, an enigma. Especially when he talks about his personal life. He says he yearns for a wife and family.

Meanwhile, muttering that actresses aren't really people, he dates only the most beautiful and glamorous ones he can find. "I see them as much as I can," he says, "and I can a lot. I talk to them on the phone—so much in fact that my friends say I'm getting a phony reputation."

One of his friends says, "All the girls he goes out with love him. But the ones he loves the most, generally love him like a brother. He's always heartbroken over some girl."

He was married for five years to Jo



ACUTELY aware of every gesture, on line, Phil has made Sgt. Ernie Bilko famous.

Carroll Dennison, Miss America of 1949. They were divorced in 1950. "Why, on honeymoon," he says, "the poor girl found herself in New York at a table with me, Toots Shor and Joe DiMaggio. In my own ignorance, I thought she'd be impressed with that kind of socializing. She hated it. 'Phil,' she'd say to me, 'don't we just go for a nice walk in Central Park together.' I just didn't understand."

"Laughter isn't my passport anymore. I used to be the guy invited to all the Hollywood parties for yaks. Everyone at the parties would roar at my joke except everyone but Jo. She didn't have to. She didn't love me because I was a funny man. She loved me for me."

Not long ago, Phil wrote an article for Variety, about an imaginary comedian and his thoughts. "What I need," the fictitious comedian said, "is a girl, one girl, who will be pretty and understanding. Where do you find her? Do you take the Variety ad which says, 'Wanted—somebody who can stand being alone most of the time, must put up with moody temperament, bathe in reflected glory, ask no questions, just be there at the right time, with the right words—or just sit and understand?'"

"What Phil is looking for," said Toots Shor, after reading the article, "ain't no girl. He's looking for an Airedale."

While he looks—and whatever for—his life is crowded with friends, and it's hard to see him alone. In the past he thought it was shameful to be seen eating alone and says it took him a long time before he could walk into a place by himself and ask for a hamburger. He's overcome his need for constant companionship, but his personal magnetism attracts people to him in hordes.

Tuesday nights, anyway, you can find him in his Park Avenue apartment, probably in an easy chair and "in the enviable position of watching" another in the film series of "You'll Never Get Rich." **E**



ALL the girls love Ernie. In private life, Phil would settle for one who'd understand him.

Simply Shocking!

continued from page 29

ble that put me into such a mood. Like the time I was so unhappy with career. I kept getting those dull parts I thought to myself, 'I can't be that distinguished an actress.' I'd always had confidence in myself and I couldn't believe what was happening to me.

He decided to change agents so she had Bert Allenberg who had approached her before and said, "Are you still interested in handling my case?" After turning her green he said, meekly, "And how!" He called her about ten days later and asked her if she'd like to play the cap-s wife in "From Here To Eternity." "Don't be ridiculous!" Deborah exclaimed. "They'd never consider me for part. Why, the producer would throw me out of his office."

But do you mind if I try?" the agent asked her.

Of course not, but it's silly."

Deborah, however, immediately began turning the book again—and mentally grinding her teeth into the role. Two days later the agent called to say he had seen the producer.

And what did he do?" Deborah asked. He threw me out of his office."

But two hours later he phoned her again. The producer just called me," he said.

He wants to know if you are available."

Getting the part was the result of a sudden change in Deborah. She had to believe herself to do battle.

"I hate to fight," she said. "I can't believe anyone would do anything harmful to me on purpose. I let people walk over me and take advantage of me. I know what you're doing, and yet I don't make a move. Finally, though, when the thing comes to a head, I take a stand that is a wall. I won't budge."

Fortunately, when I balked at doing more of the usual parts there was no bitterness. Bitterness is an awful thing. I don't take it. I'm really an awful cable. I enjoy feeling happy."

But Deborah has always been a pretty happy individual. Those who have seen her now after having known her some years ago in England find she hasn't changed as a person at all.

"I'm glad to know this," Deborah remarked. "Of course, I have two children, a wonderful husband, a mink coat—no matter of fact, two mink coats, if you want to count the material things in life which I can take or leave."

Deborah's marriage to Tony Bartley has been very successful. "Tony and I get along very well. We don't ever make particularly heavy weather of anything." At home, Deborah claims that she is the most domestic creature who ever kicked the kitchen linoleum.

I suppose I could cook if I put my mind to it and had time," she said, "but

continued on page 67

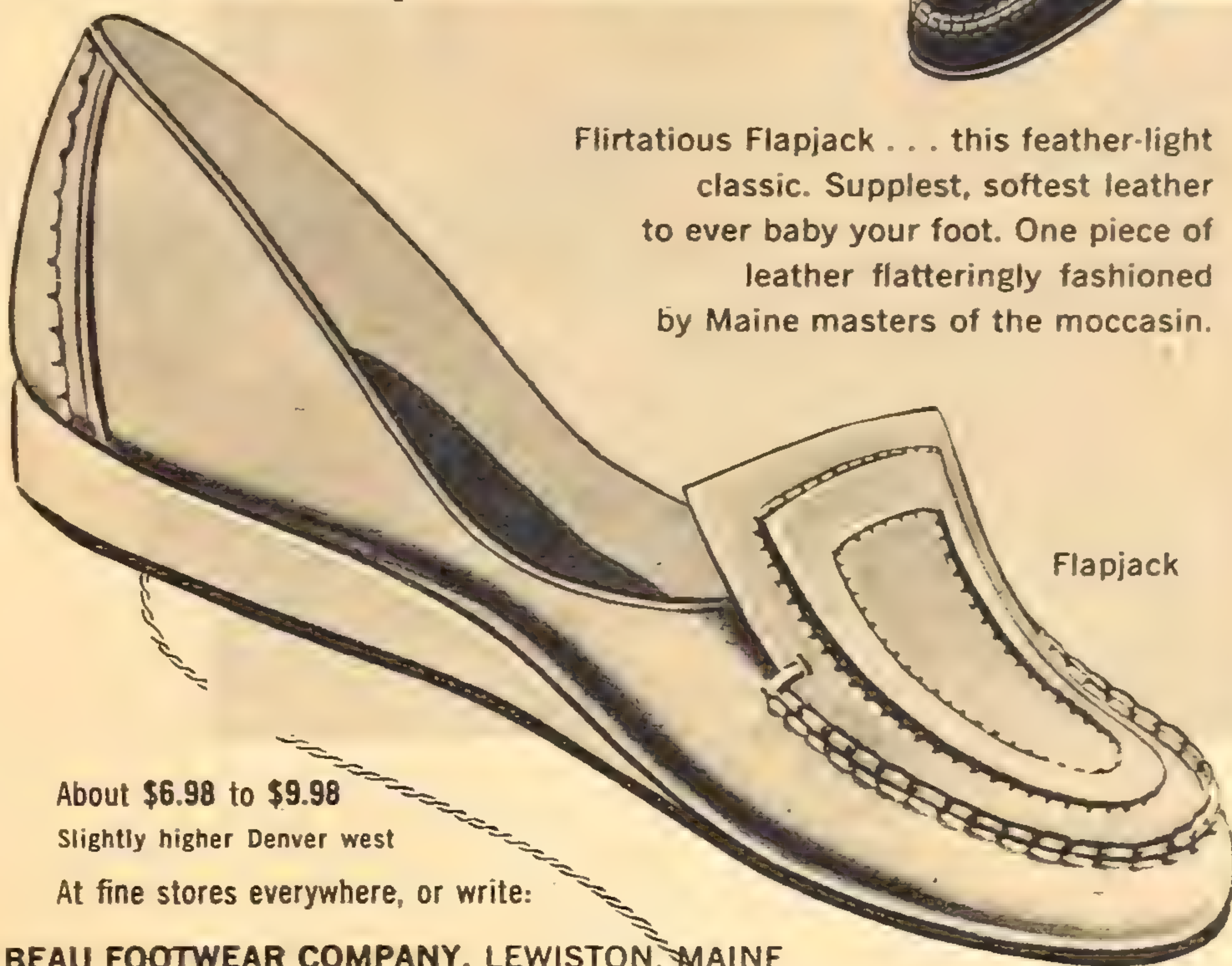
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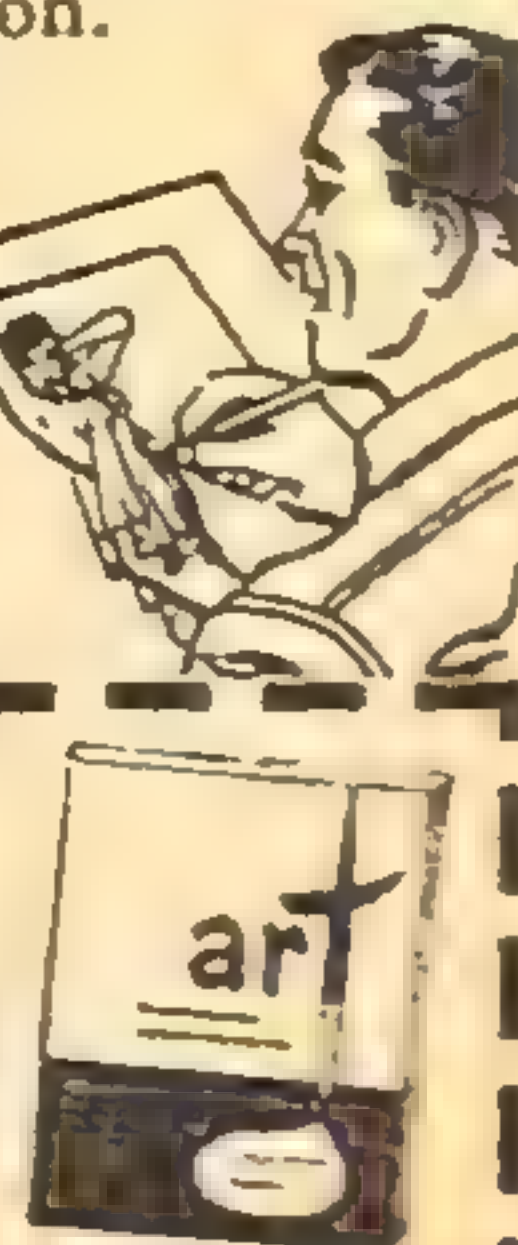
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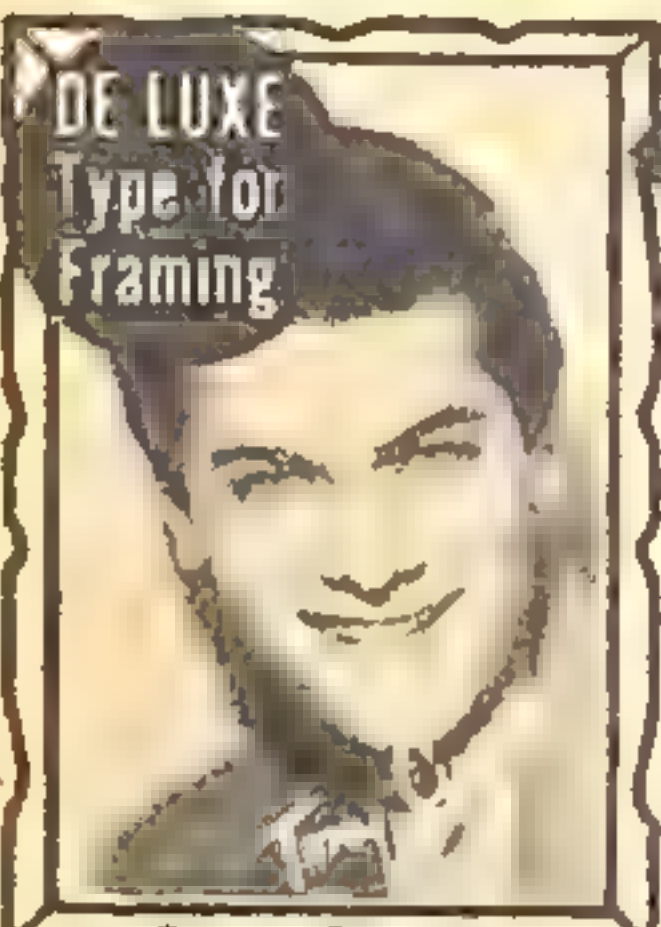
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let's look at ● the RECORDS



Reviews of new discs by BOB CROSBY

WHETHER spring is a state of mind or a season, the Ray Charles Singers cheer it on with a carefree package of tunes entitled—of all things—"Spring Is Here." And high time, too (MGM). . . . The music from "Pipe Dream" may not live as long as most Rodgers and Hammerstein offerings but the enchantment's there, and with Helen Traubel, Judy Tyler and William Johnson making with the lyrics could this be bad? (Victor). . . . Couple of solid senders team up to make "Memories Of You" memorable for Columbia—Rosie Clooney and Benny Goodman, the dream team. Benny duets with Rosie on the flip—"It's Bad For Me." . . . For another mood, try the sadly beautiful "When You Lose The One You Love," in the rich, warm tones of David Whitfield. Mantovani's orchestra gives solid backing to both sides of the London disk. . . . Lillian Roth comes through with an album—"I'll Cry Tomorrow"—presenting a group of evergreens with a vitality and styling that's refreshing (Epic).

Bill Haley's got the Comets to workin' again and the password these days is "See You Later, Alligator." Flip is "The Paper Boy" and both sides really jump, man. (Decca). . . . Chuck Miller punches home a sensational bit of C&W Pop-type tune in "Lookout Mountain" for Mercury. "Boogie Blues" is on the flip. Both sides beat that pulse. . . . The Four Lads add another to their string of hits with "No, Not Much" and "I'll Never Know," delivered with warmth and tenderness. (Columbia). . . . An inspirational number with appeal is "These Hands" and it's getting a strong emotional delivery by both Johnny Oliver for MGM and Jeffrey Clay for Coral. The MGM flip is "Chain Gang"; Coral's, "You'll Be Sorry."

money and you takes your choice on number—Patti Page (Mercury) Kitty Kallen and Georgie Shaw (Decca) have given it the full six-ha kerchief treatment. . . . Attention Vocalists: There's a sky rocket na Julie London shooting to the top "Julia Is Her Name" should turn trick. Standard tunes, but oh! that voice. (Liberty). . . . The Sammy K. Ork breaks into the R&B field with big assist from Sam "The Man" T. lor and an appeal to "Hey, Pretty G Flip's the charming oldie "In The Va Of The Moon." (Columbia). . . . St Lawrence of TV fame belts out a of R&B favorites—"The Chicken The Hawk" and "Speedoo" and does Coral label right proud. . . . Siren sou and the punchy chanting of Bob Sp cer and—"Roll, Hot Rod, Roll." Bac with "You Do Something To Me," it really Epic platter.

Dorothy Collins shows to good effect for Coral in the R&B favorite, "en Days." Flipside's "Manuello," a M can novelty tune with a good, s rhythm. . . . The Mills Brothers su have fans "All The Way 'Round World" and every one of them's g to enjoy the warmth and showman of this platter. Backed with "Changed My Mind A Thousand Tim (Decca). . . . Victor offers the ever pealing song styling of Tony Martin the persuasive ballad, "Love, You Fu Thing," backed by "Just A Gigolo." Henri Rene Ork takes a bow on this too. . . . In a sweetly off-beat mel Dinah Shore comes through in fine s with "Stolen Love." "That's All T Is To That" is more Shore than R but it's Dinah might. Ooh! (Victor)

Bring on those crying towels and "Go On With The Wedding." You pays your

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Simply Shocking!

continued from page 65

I've had a few rather unfortunate experiences in the cooking line. A few months ago, Tony was going to England and I wanted him to have some nice barbecued steaks his last night at home. I had tried the new barbecue grill at our Pacific Palisades home and hadn't done so well. This time I got the fire just right, I put the steaks on, decided later I needed a bit more flame so the steaks would have that wonderful charred flavor. I couldn't think what to do to get more fire so, on impulse, I poured a bit of vodka on the coals. They flamed up all right and singed my hair and eyebrows. I looked just like the surrey without the fringe on top. The steaks? Oh, they were just right—nicely charred and with a fascinating flavor."

Deborah, as a rule, is not impulsive. She's quite cautious. As she says, "I usually think four or fifty times before I do something. Occasionally, I have done stupid things, like buying something extravagant. I console myself by saying, 'Well, it's good for my soul,' and then I go home and bleed a little. I have spent large sums of money on dresses I knew I couldn't afford, but you can be sure I wore them until they fell apart.

"I'm really quite practical. Maybe it's because I've never put much value on material possessions. Money isn't the big thing in my life and never has been. And that's one of the things I try to teach my daughters, Melanie and Francesca. One of the biggest worries I have is that either of them might grow up to believe she had to make a good social or money marriage. That would really upset me.

"Actually, my daughters have raised me very well. They're well adjusted and happy girls in spite of the fact that they live an extraordinary life—with their mother in pictures."

There's another refreshing thing about Deborah—which again proves that as a lady she could never be dull. She is not the least coy or phony. She doesn't even get embarrassed easily.

"How could anyone be easily embarrassed around show business?" she commented. "It's true I've said things at times without thinking which have embarrassed me later, but not often. I'm really frightfully innocent or naive—and at the strangest times. Some of the things I've said, as a result, have filled me with horror. Most jokes, though, don't embarrass me. They either amuse me or revolt me. The trouble is I can't remember any of them. I'd love to be a good story teller."

Some women parade around with ice in their veins. But Deborah has too much fun in life to be bothered with phony antics like this. She's a lady all right—the kind any man would be glad to know and any woman would admire. There's a warm fire in her blood. Ice would have a heckuva time getting along in her. **END**

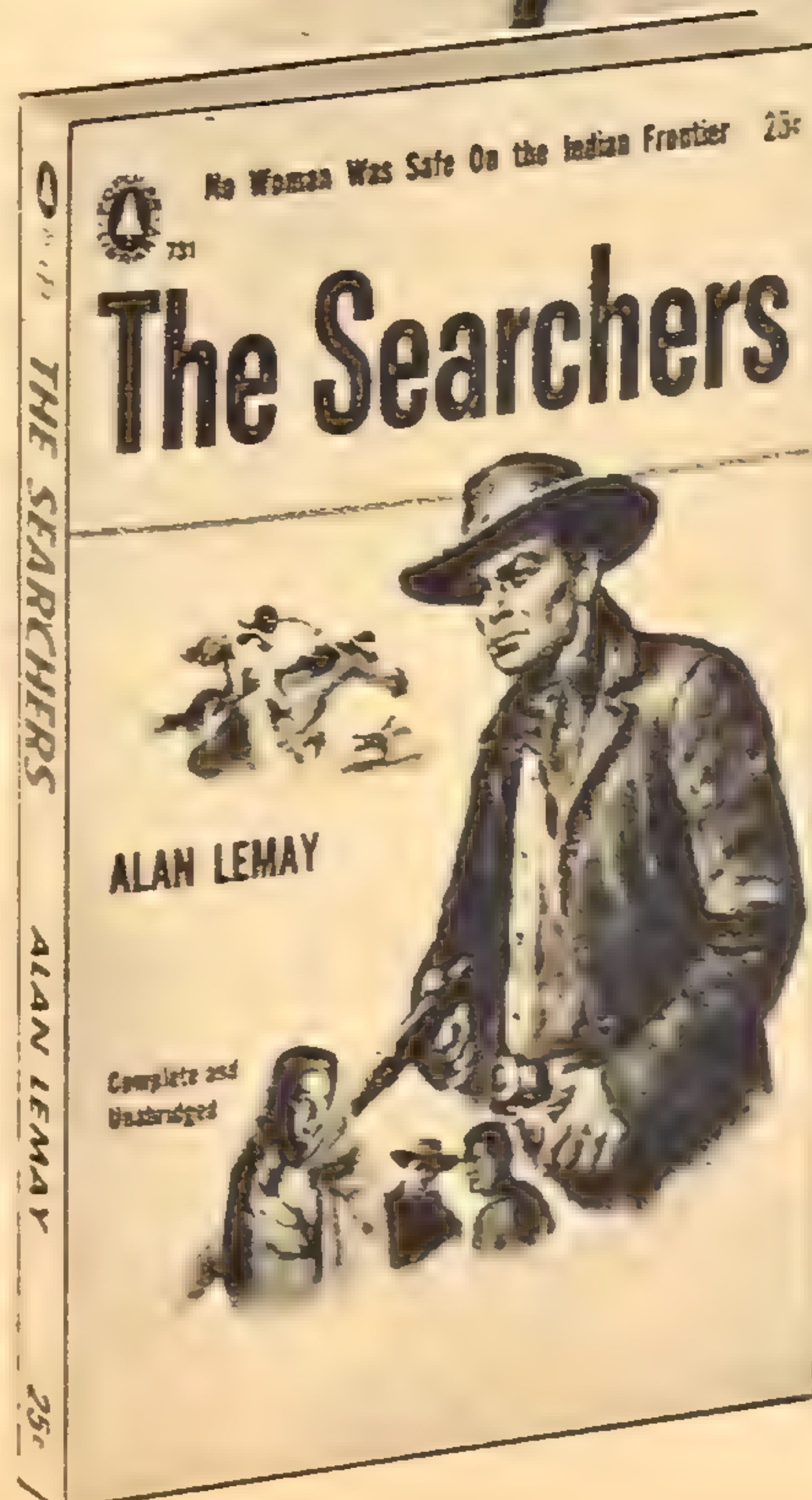
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Sheilah Graham's Hollywood Lowdown

continued from page 8

happy. Now how are they going to get THAT theme past the censors?

Piper Laurie and Gene Nelson shy away from having their pictures taken together, even though they're practically never apart. Both feel it wouldn't be right until after his divorce, but that didn't seem to bother Gene when he was courting Jane Powell. . . . Ann Blyth is tired to death of doing musicals and costume pictures, and wants a strong emoting role. If MGM doesn't give it to her, she's very liable to leave that studio and go to one that will. . . . Which reminds me of Esther Williams' reason for leaving Leo the Lion in a lope. "You can be at a studio too long. All they ever did for me at MGM was change my leading men and the water in the pool. They never changed the stories". . . . From Paris, Mel Ferrer writes that he and Audrey Hepburn will travel to Japan and a dozen other countries to publicize their "War And Peace," but Hollywood is not on their agenda.

Henry Fonda was followed here from Italy by a pretty Italian girl, Adferia Franchetti. Maybe she'll have the same luck Veronique Passani had following Gregory Peck to these shores. Incidentally, the new Mrs. Peck has no intention of ever being anything but a wife. "She just wants to take care of me," Greg smiled. "She thinks that's what a woman should do". . . . My nomination for the girl most in love, beautiful English import, Dana Wynter, who has stardust in her eyes when attractive attorney Greg Bautzer is around. Which is all the time. . . .

Marilyn Monroe's price for doing pic-
tures may be way up, but the price of
Marilyn Monroe calendars is 'way down.
. . . Jeff Hunter's secret dates are with a

girl first-named "Dusty," whom he met in Arizona when making "A Kiss Before Dying". . . . Kirk Douglas' two sons by his first marriage, Michael and Joel, will move in with their father and his present wife, Anne, permanently this spring. . . . Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger will name their expected baby "Jimmy," if it's a boy. That's Stewart's proper name and you no doubt know.

Kim Novak confided that she's still in love with theatre owner, Mac Krim. "But I've also discovered that I'm more and more interested in becoming a better actress," she added. "So I'm not thinking one way or the other about marriage." She isn't sure just how long Mac will hang around waiting for her to make up her mind. "We've been going together two and-a-half years, and how long can a man be patient with a girl?" My advice is grab him, Kim. Wasn't it Sophie Tucker who used to sing about a good man being hard to find? . . . Natalie Wood is really on the dating-go-round. One night she's out with Nick Adams, the next with Perry Lopez, then follows that strong one-two with Tab Hunter. Some girls have all the luck, especially if they're 18 and as pretty as Natalie.

Jayne Mansfield, the girl who does a 18-carat take-off on Marilyn in the Broadway hit, "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?", will probably end up at the same studio as Marilyn—20th Century Fox. She's testing there for a role in "The Wayward Bus." Her part is described as "a young lady who's handicapped by body that attracts men and boys". . . . Incidentally, Marilyn made one or two enemies at the studio when she took her walkout powder, and they're scouting for

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her blonde scalp. . . . Lana Turner's mother, Mildred Turner, is working as a saleslady at a men's store in Beverly Hills. And Tony Curtis' pop has a job in the wardrobe department at U-I. . . . Jean Pierre Aumont isn't taking the loss of Grace Kelly too hard. He's found another romance in Marisa Pavan, who's lovely enough to make it easy for him to forget the princess. . . . Irene Papas, the Greek beauty signed by MGM, has a word to say about posing for American photographers. "They don't want people," she snorts. "They want forms!"

Ava Gardner has a string of boy friends from Spain to London, but she still writes friends in Hollywood that she's lonely. She won't return here though, unless it's to make a picture. . . . Doris Day's career plans include a gradual cessation of singing and complete concentration on dramatics, whereas Susan Hayward, who's a marvelous actress, wants to sing, sing and sing some more.

When Tyrone Power came here to visit with his two daughters, ex-wife Linda Christian threw a big party for him, and even invited Eva Gabor who still dates Ty. However, Linda's wooer, Edmund Purdom refused to show at the party until he was sure that Ty had left. . . . Purdom is asking \$100,000 per picture. He's asking, but he isn't getting. . . . Lovely Venetia Stevenson has promised Russ Tamblyn that she won't pose for any more cheese-take or bathing suit pictures, after Russ read her the riot act for a revealing layout of her that appeared in a recent magazine. Russ isn't at all happy that Venetia has embarked on a screen career, but he's so much in love with the gal, he can't say "no" to her. . . . Don't be surprised if Kathryn Grayson retires from the screen, even though she thinks her latest picture, "The Vagabond King," is the best she's ever done. Kathryn has never particularly enjoyed being a movie star, and has just about made up her mind to stop pretending she does.

Jane Russell has dieted down to 135 pounds and now looks as good walking away from you as she does walking towards you. . . . Her secret formula for losing weight is very simple: "Stop eating so much!" . . . There are two biographies of the late Jimmy Dean being readied for spring publication, one written by his father from a diary left by Jimmy, the other by Nicholas Ray, who directed him in "Rebel Without A Cause". . . . The Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds picture for RKO, "Bundle Of Joy," will be a bundle of cash for Eddie and his bride. He gets 35 per cent of the profits spread over a ten year period, but Debbie gets only her regular MGM salary for the loan-out. However, she's not kicking, since whatever Eddie gets, Debbie gets. . . . Betty Hutton's about to launch a screen comeback, but it won't be in the filmization of the Sophie Tucker story.

And that's all from Hollywood. See you next month. **END**

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"Wolf" In A Gray Flannel Suit?

continued from page 21

clubs, and they even went to church together. This inspired a report, never since confirmed or revived, that Greg was about to embrace Veronique's faith.

Out of context, it might appear that Greg was deliberately flouting convention and reneging on his marriage vows. But confidantes of Peck point out that his romance with the Passani girl was not what delivered the *coup de grace* to his marriage to Greta. They maintain that his marriage already was dead when chance brought him and Veronique together. Not only was the announcement of his marriage break-up made with pointed timing on Independence Day, but as far back as 1949, when Peck had left home for two days, there were reports that his marriage had run its course. His friends insist that his marriage was a victim of that sly and ubiquitous killer—ennui. They assert that morally—and in point of fact—Greg already was a divorced man, and that he was not thumbing his nose at convention, or at Greta. He merely was submitting, as even a man in a gray flannel suit is impelled to do, to the vicissitudes of life.

At no time in the course of his headline-making romance with Veronique did Peck in any sense tell the world to go jump in a lake. He plainly liked his world too much to read it off. It was evident that what he wanted was for the world not to judge his dilemma too hastily or harshly, not to brand him prematurely as an outcast who had lost his respect for the traditions and proprieties ostensibly venerated by the man in the gray flannel suit.

Throughout his courtship of Miss Passani, Peck had burned incense to the glowering Buddhas of convention. If falling in love with Veronique angered them, he has done everything to appease the gods of propriety except give her up. He has in every sense behaved as a 14-karat man in a gray flannel suit would.

Aside from the minor fact that they were not yet man and wife, Peck and Veronique were conventional, albeit happily conventional, in everything they did after she joined him in Hollywood. Even their American reunion was arranged with a healthy respect for convention.

When, after a two and a half year European movie-making odyssey, Peck returned to the United States, leaving Veronique behind in Paris, he stated—whether with tongue in cheek or out of regard for that old watchdog, convention—that no definite plans had been made for his chic, continental 22-year-old sweetheart to follow. But a scant two months later, Veronique landed in New York, and Peck flew there from Hollywood to meet her and take her on a holiday of sight-seeing and theatre-going.

Apparently still anxious not to offend

the guardians of propriety, Peck returned to Hollywood by himself. Twenty-four hours later, Veronique arrived in Hollywood. It was a fascinating tableau. Peck made sweeping curtsies to convention in every step of his unconventional dilemma.

Early and late he refused to discuss with anyone the possibility of marriage to Veronique, an eventuality which not but the *non compos mentis* could have doubted. But the significance of this blasphemous formality cannot be underestimated in assessing the importance Peck places on respectability.

In Hollywood, he behaved like a man who had nothing to hide, explain or apologize for. He was accepted on his own terms. He leased a two-bedroom home on Mandeville Canyon, an idyllic rustic thoroughfare inhabited by many of his movie star friends, including Richard Widmark, all of whom, like him, are pillars of respectability and Hollywood counterparts of the man in the gray flannel suit. Veronique likewise respecting the proprieties, held up in the plush Bel-Air Hotel—a few minutes from Mandeville Canyon.

Greg and Veronique were neither conspicuous nor conspicuous about their relationship. Greg calmly treated it as a purely personal matter which he didn't feel obliged to discuss with anyone.

He never made a move that he could not explain unblushingly to his children. As unconventional as some people might construe his romance with Veronique, Greg's high regard for convention was reflected in the fact that he didn't strain at the interlocutory leash, and rush impulsively to Las Vegas or Mexico for a quickie divorce. He did nothing to court the hot breath of scandal, or to invite the hot glare of the spotlight.

Greg bluntly vowed, and never hedged on that pledge, not to discuss marriage with anyone before his divorce was final.

"I have no plans to marry Miss Passani," he said when she arrived to meet him in Hollywood. "I want to spend a lot of time with my three boys for the next year. My house is very close to where they live with their mother, so close that they bicycle over to see me every day."

In those words, Peck unwittingly articulated the creed of a Hollywood man in a gray flannel suit. The advent of Madeleine Passani did not alter his determination to keep intact everything in his former life except his marriage to Greta. He had no intention of forsaking the children to whom he is utterly devoted, no intention of forsaking his friends or his old interests, no intention of forsaking the community which has been his home.

He obviously intended to let no go

complex or unnecessary disregard for convention drive him into a back street life with Veronique. He frankly stated that he wanted his friends to meet her, which is how any man in a gray flannel suit would feel about his girl. He made the rounds of friends with her just as any man in a gray flannel suit would indoctrinate his intended bride. He visited with the Richard Widmarks and others who had known him and Greta for years, and the difficult transition was negotiated most gracefully.

As a man in a gray flannel suit would remark, it was all highly civilized.

While Greg was careful to avoid offending the community, he was at the same time disarmingly honest about being captivated by Veronique.

"I know," he admitted, "that I am exceedingly happy in her companionship, but naturally I cannot as yet make any plans regarding marriage, since my interlocutory decree is not final. So any talk of an engagement would be entirely premature."

But Peck was quite content for actions to bespeak the approaching nuptials with Veronique. They were not the flagrant actions of renegades, however. They were, rather, the normal actions of a normally affianced young man and woman.

He neither flaunted their friendship, nor did he keep Veronique in hiding. Her visits to the set of "The Man In The

Gray Flannel Suit" precipitated a new barrage of romance questions, but Greg turned them aside just as deftly and just as charmingly as ever.

"I find," he explained hopefully, "that if I don't talk about my personal life, less is printed about it."

Spoken like a true man in a gray flannel suit.

As D-Day—the day his divorce became final—approached, Greg held fast to the code of the gray flannel suit. He had neither consummated nor discussed what everyone knew was an inexorable formality—his wedding to Veronique Passani. But in the interim, he had accomplished something of a social miracle—the complete integration of Miss Passani into his previously established, serene, suburban and respectable way of life.

By sheerest coincidence, Greg admitted that he was anxious to move from a rented house to a home of his own. By further coincidence, just as sheer, Veronique took it upon herself to do most of the house hunting.

As Veronique most certainly must have known, she was getting a very stable citizen, a man who pinpointed the philosophy of the man in the gray flannel suit when he said, prosaically or not:

"Acting is my job, and I like to keep at it. I'm a man who enjoys going to work every morning." **END**



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Can Gossip End Her Career?

continued from page 17

Yet, her outburst seemed to be more than merely blow-top business. Assuredly it was not the speech of an ambitious and determined youngster moving upward at all costs.

On the contrary, to those who heard it, it sounded much, much more like the sated indignation of a grown woman who knew all about the top of the mountain and decided there were aspects of it she didn't like and wasn't going to condone any longer.

Neither this magazine nor any other is authorized by Miss Taylor to say she is contemplating a Garbo-like retreat. But a ground-swell of accumulating evidence has at last broken through to make it manifest that this is at least possible. Liz Taylor's had it all and had it for many years. Now she's fed up with all of it but the creative part.

Liz recently rounded out 16,000 miles of air travel to be with her husband in Africa, then back home with her children for Christmas. That ought to dispose of that.

This much is certain: Her husband, her children, their new home in Beverly Hills—there, to crib from a moulder of fine, fat phrases, is where the heart is. And

Liz Taylor, who never grew up but just went to bed one night a child and woke up the next morning a woman, would like to go home. She has missed a lot; she'd as soon not miss any more.

One formidable detail, of course, stands in the way. She is a child of the theatre, the daughter of applause, born to adulation and to That's-Liz-Taylor-over-there-the-one-in-the-corner-isn't-she-the-most-beautiful-girl-you've-ever-seen!

That you don't forget in a moment.

But all the rest. What of Informed Sources and their nasty misinformation? What of rumor peddlers who dare not check their yeasty 'facts' for fear they won't prove to be true? What of such raunchy innuendo that hints romance with a male co-star, and who cares that he promptly marries as soon as the film is finished? Who indeed cares? The damage has been done.

That you would be glad to leave behind you.

"Liz has had enough," one remarkably authoritative observer has declared. "She's a girl who loves to stay at home and sleep till noon. Pictures she loves. But the rest of it's finally got her down. And that is for sure." **END**

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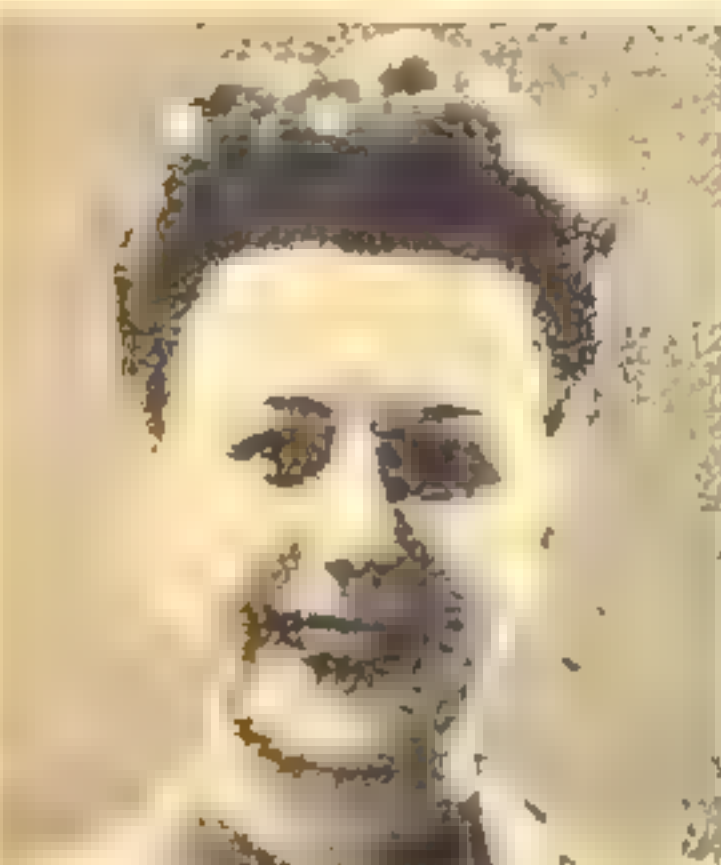
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Coming Attractions

continued from page 10

Meet Me In Las Vegas

BRIGHT as a new silver dollar, this shimmers and glows in Eastman-color with some very festive frolicking. A rancher who goes off on a yearly gambling toot in Las Vegas, Dan Dailey latches on to the most succulent, curvaceous rabbit's foot that ever graced a gambler's vest pocket. Through some quirk of Lady Luck, ballerina Cyd Charisse changes Dailey's losing streak into phenomenal good fortune. Merely holding hands can make oil wells gush and money pour into the coffers. Fascinated by the golden metallic music she and Dailey make, Cyd comes down from her pedestal long enough to fall in love. Steps away from the altar, the winning streak mysteriously ends, leaving Cyd doubtful that she and Dailey were ever really meant for each other. In the nick of time, Dailey figures out what happened. One of the breeziest of this year's musicals, the dance numbers are superb and the surprises a joy. (MGM.)

Come Next Spring

NO great names, no dazzling fanfare, not even a new film process—just plain delightful entertainment. Ann Sheridan has never been better as a determined, unyielding wife. Steve Cochran shows an amazing grasp of character as the irresponsible husband. After an eight year absence, Cochran appears again on their small Arkansas farm. Because of the children, Sherry Jackson and Richard Eyer, Ann permits Cochran to remain at the farm as a hired hand. The arrangement isn't at all permanent once Ann gets an inkling that Cochran has reformed. Beside their own emotional ironing-out session, neighbor Sonny Tufts persists in courtin' Ann, and the mystery of little Sherry's muteness needs clearing up. In Trucolor, this has a simplicity and charm so rarely found in motion pictures these days. (Republic.)

World In My Corner

BACK from the Korean war, Audie Murphy is having a difficult time making ends meet. So when pal Tommy Rall lines up a fight for him, Murphy is eager. In the arena, Murphy doesn't do much else except get himself clobbered, and attract the attention of John McIntire. This last proves quite an important phase in Murphy's life. Because of McIntire, Murphy meets millionaire Jeff Morrow. Morrow's money can make a championship fighter out of Murphy, and his daughter, Barbara Rush, well, she can show Murphy the truth behind the tired cliché: money isn't everything. Not a truly novel yarn, but one that will hold your interest. (Universal-International.)

Richard III

THE fashion in literary circles is to search history for some kind word on England's King Richard III. Authored by one William Shakespeare, this is not one of those benevolent efforts. It is, instead, a Technicolor tapestry of arch villainy murder most foul and deeds of the blackest nature. With Laurence Olivier as the warped Richard, he hacks away at the heirs to the throne until none stand in his way. No one knows how royalty-studded the Great Beyond would have become if Richard hadn't been challenged by Henry Tudor at the Battle of Bosworth Field. There, he lost the battle, the crown and his life. Like most Shakespearean dramas, this would be quite exhausting minus an intermission. After all the murder and skullduggery, a cold bottle of soda pop should be held against the fevered brow to bring one back to the comparatively lily-white present. (London Films.)

While The City Sleeps

THERE'S nothing like a juicy sex murder to pump new life into big city tabloids. Thanks to psychopath John Barrymore, Jr., the dailies have a field day. The unknown killer of two young girls, Barrymore will go on murdering unless the police, headed by Howard Duff stop him. Hoping his paper can beat the authorities, publisher Vincent Price offers a top job to the man on his staff who'll crack the case. In the cut-throat running are Dana Andrews, George Sanders, Thomas Mitchell and James Craig. When you aren't seeing newspaper politics at work, your ears are kept crackling with sexy chitchat bantered around by Andrews, Ida Lupino and Rhonda Fleming. Good newspaper thriller that splashes another coat of glamor on the Fourth Estate. (RKO.)

Great Day In The Morning

SOUNDS like it might be a musical but the only singing in this Technicolored Civil War drama, is the whine of bullets, and the only dancing feet belong to some poor devil strung up on a lamp-post. Denver is the scene with both Northern and Southern factions carrying on their own private war. The Southerners want to ship a large gold supply to the impoverished Confederate Army. The Union sympathizers will do anything to stop them. In the midst of all this ruckus is neutral Robert Stack. All he's concerned with, until duty calls him, too, is raking in the money and courtin' Virginia Mayo which is enough to put Ruth Roman into a snit. For an average war yarn, this has more tiny plots than a suburban housing development. (RKO.)

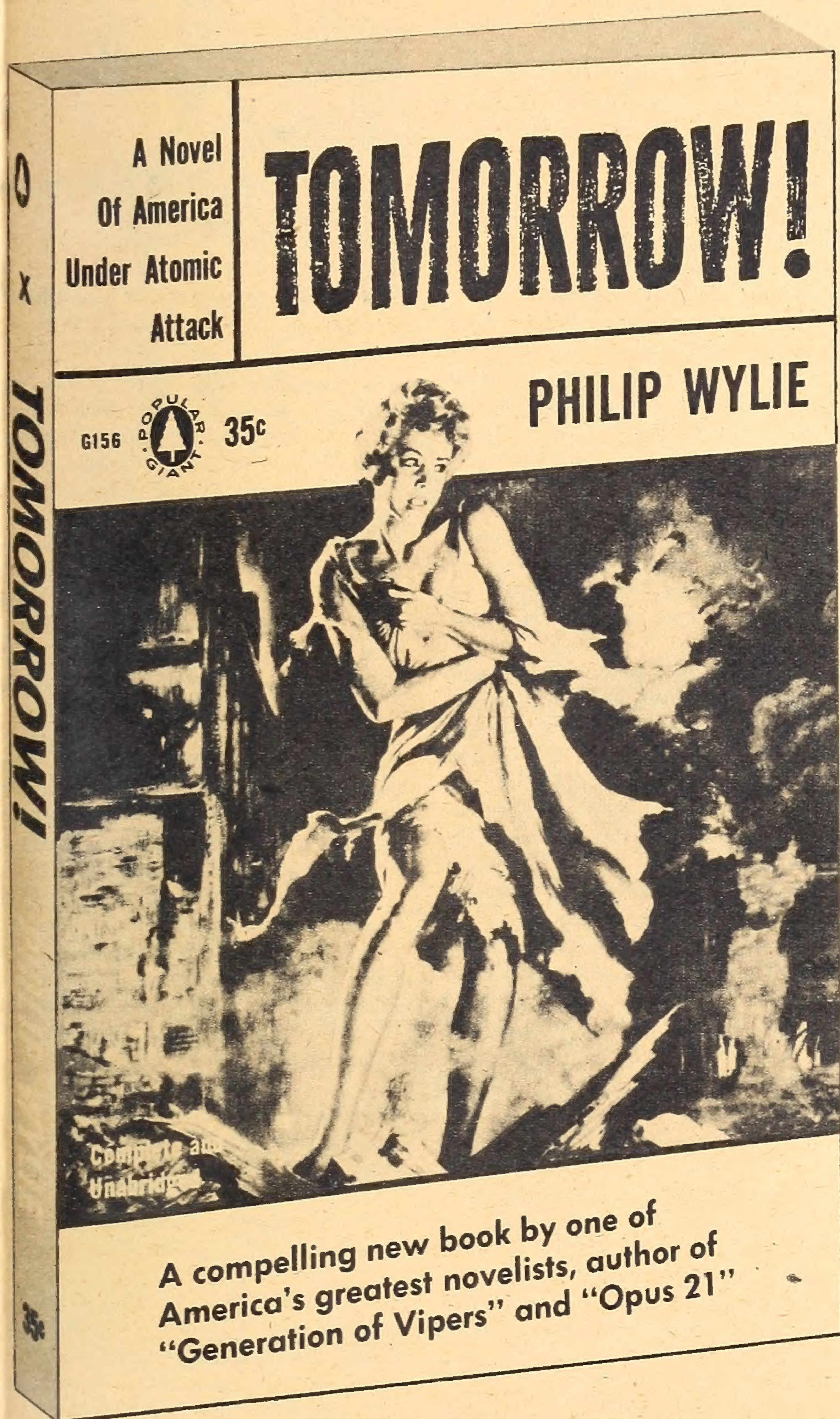
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Federal Civil

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*(in The New York Times
Book Review)*



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Hollywood Love Life

continued from page 12

days, a wise move because Warners have announced him as the star of four upcoming movies. That's the result of his winning the Most Promising New Male Personality Award in the nationwide Audience Awards poll. You see, you fans still really do make the stars!

FAIR WEATHER—Since Aldo Ray and Jeff Donnell reconciled, Aldo has been wearing a wedding ring for the first time. He admits happily that Jeff gave it to him but won't divulge what's engraved inside . . . Dale Robertson and Mary Murphy plan a double teaming. They'll marry in May and this summer will co-star in his independent production, "El Largo," which was written by—Dale Robertson . . . Jeanne Crain and Paul Brinkman celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary and his gift was a dazzling emerald ring set in diamonds.

WANDERERS—In contrast, Rory Calhoun and his Lita will spend most of this year hopping all over the world. As soon as he finished "Raw Edge," they flew to Hong Kong where Rory's doing "Flight To Hong Kong." Lita isn't working in this one, as she has in Rory's last few pictures. She just went along for the ride. They're also going to Macao, then on the way back will stop in Tokyo and Hawaii. This summer they'll go to Spain for another picture, then on to Africa for hunting on a real safari of their own, strictly for kicks. Rory, of course, is a great hunter and Lita has also become very expert in handling a rifle.

BETTER LATE THAN—Because Rock Hudson and his Phyllis caught friends off base with their surprise marriage, said friends have been taking their time sending wedding presents. So the Hudsons are still receiving beautiful silver and crystal and all that. They're also still looking for a slightly larger house but, meantime, Rock is having all sorts of cabinet work done in the living room, including built-in color TV set and hi-fi. The TV is strictly for bride Phyllis because Rock confides he is not a TV fan, color or not! Watch for the Hudsons to take off for Europe this summer for another honeymoon.

SO HAPPY—Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, as happy as newlyweds should be, now are going to have the fun of making a picture together. It will be at RKO and a remake of "Bachelor Mother." At first it was going to be retitled "Every Mother Should Be Married," but 'tis said Eddie's TV sponsor objected to his starring in a pic with a title like that. So now it's being called "Bundle Of Joy." Bride Debbie has been on a do-it-yourself kick and her latest work is a coffee table

made from an old automobile wheel, the kind with spokes, remember? She painted it black, mounted it on steel legs and put a clear white plastic top on her gadget. Really quite a thing!

IS DANA THE GIRL?—Lawyer Greg Bautzer, that perennial bachelor who has been reported "about to marry" almost every glamor queen in town at one time or another in the last decade, is in love again. This time the beauty is Dana Wynter. She gets a dozen roses from him every day. They've been "doing" Palm Springs on week-ends and Greg has even persuaded her to take tennis lessons. But can Dana lead Greg to the altar?

MERRY MURPHYS—Audie Murphy, his ever-lovin' Pam and their two boys are spending week-ends on the new Murphy 65-foot cruiser "Petrel." And what a boat! Seaworthy enough to go anywhere, it sleeps nine, even has a deep freeze in the galley! Audie plans a two-week trip to waters off Mexico with his male friends for a real he-man, deep sea fishing trip. Happy marlin to you, Murphy! Audie also bought five quarter-horses over in Arizona and he plans to enter some of them in quarter-horse racing next year.

STILL STORMY—John Derek—another real booster for quarter-horses—and to you non-Westerners, these are beautiful equines trained for cattle round-ups and are terrifically fast for quarter-mile racing—is not as lucky as is Audie in the marital department. John's separation from Pati has reached the property settlement stage and there's no reconciliation in sight. He and Pati now have what might at best be called a "luke-warm friendship." But Pati sent a telegram to John the first day of shooting on "The Leather Saint," signed supposedly by their two sprouts, Russ and Sean, who, after all, aren't old enough to send wires!

HAPPY MARRIEDS—Shirley MacLaine was as happy as a girl can be that her husband, Steve Parker, was able to accompany her to Bangkok and Tokyo, when with only a few hours' notice she was told to "get goin'" for added scenes in "Around The World In 80 Days." Combining business and pleasure, they're doing some sight-seeing on their way back . . . Mitzi Gaynor and her Jack Bean took a week off on their return trip from New York to visit Jack's parents in Wisconsin . . . It looks like the commuter-train bit back East when Ursula Thiess Taylor drives up to the entrance of 20th Century-Fox every night at 6 to pick up Bob Taylor. She always has young son Terry in the car, too. Bob is over there doing "Sixth Of June" . . . Bill Reynolds



RARELY seen at Hollywood functions, Dana Wynter and her husband, Greg Bautzer, attend a charity affair.

and his pretty model-wife, Mollie, had chance to move into their new house before they could buy furniture. So move they did. Since good, old-fashioned oranges are hard to find these days, they sat around on the floor a while! . . . Lucy Marlowe has been helping her bridegroom, Andy Carey, with finishing touches on a sail boat he started building a few years ago in hometown Fresno. Be sure you should see Lucy's fingernails. Well, down, same like yours and mine after those long hours with sandpaper!

PROUD PARENTS—Even without the drop of a hat, proud parents Pier Angeli and Vic Damone will show you pictures of son Perry and point out that at the age of four months their son weighed 18 pounds and had two baby teeth! Pier, with her hair long again, really looks lovely. She was disappointed she couldn't show Rome to spouse Vic but she had to rush home after finishing "Port Afrique" to start immediately on "Somebody Up There Likes Me."

TUNEFUL TWINS—Meantime, Pier's twin, Marisa Pavan, has gone on a pop record kick, and they're all Pete Rugolo's. Reason: bandleader and top arranger Pete is currently her favorite date, although she still also sees Tom Tryon.

DATA ON DATES—Bing Crosby and Kathy Grant are still an item . . . Kim Novak has been out of town much of the time the last few months on p.a. tour and that's playing havoc with her romance with Mac Krim . . . Dewey Martin and Peggy Lee are on the "We're very very good friends" kick, but this looks like love to their friends . . . Cleo Moore and U-I executive Charles Simonelli are also still an item but she wants to stay here and his work keeps him in New York most of the time. Hence, no marriage plans—yet.

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